THE BYSTANDER
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AUGUST 31, 1932

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The BYSTANDER

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The Bystander, August 31, 1932

No. 1498. Vol. CXV.

The BYSTANDER

Claude Harris

MRS. ANTHONY JENKINSON

Mrs. Anthony Jenkinson is Sir James Dunn's second daughter, and married Mr. Jenkinson in 1930. He is the second son of the late Lt.-Col. George Jenkinson, and Lady Frederick, of Lamport Grange, Northampton

THE HON. JOHN AND MRS. BETHELL

Mr. and Mrs. Bethell, with their two children, Guy and Jennifer, were photographed at the house at Frinton which they took for the summer. The Hon. John Bethell is Lord Bethell's son and heir, and his wife, before her marriage in 1927, was Miss Veronica Connolly

The PASSING HOUR

"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World

PEOPLE still continue to pass through London in very large numbers on their way north or south, and restaurants like Quaglino's are catching them both coming and going. It makes me wonder whether, for once in a way, it might not have been worth Ciro's and the Embassy Club's while to remain open, at least until the end of August. Last week any number of people were returning from the south to be present at York Races.

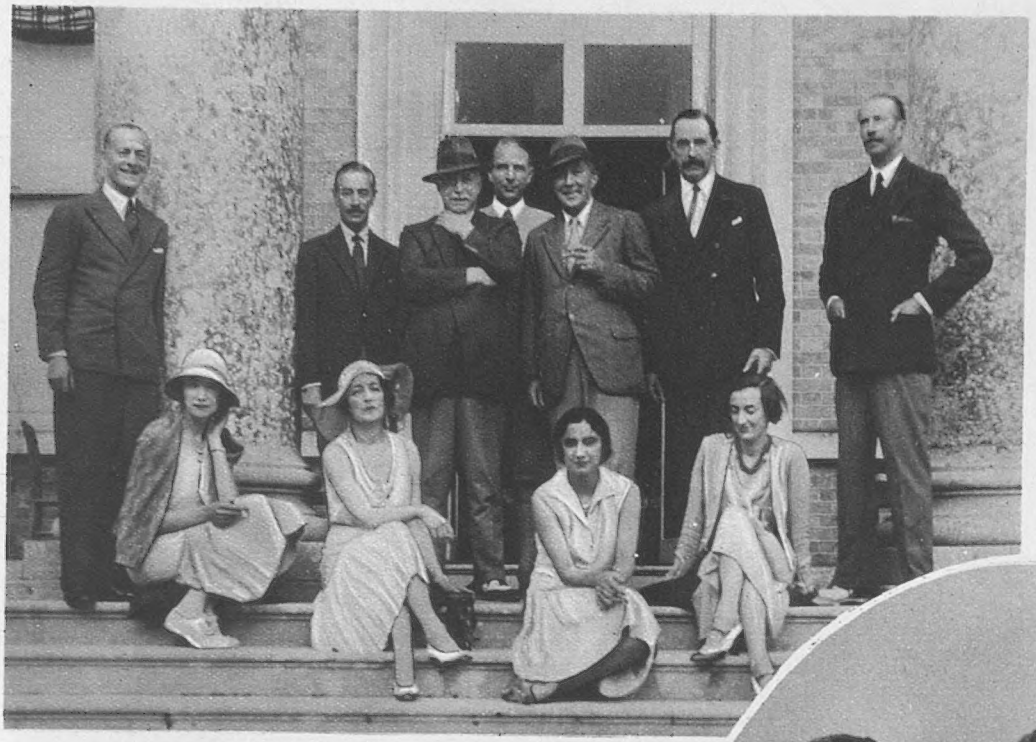
AMONG them was Captain Tommy Graves, who, after a small but highly successful "pop" at the tables at Le Touquet, went down to Frejus for another holiday. From him I gather that the tide of fashion will soon be leaving Antibes and Cannes, and making its way to the pretty little hamlets of St. Maxime, Beauvallon, and St. Tropez. It is quite true that Antibes is becoming almost intolerably sophisticated and smart for a holiday, and even people with the herd instinct developed very highly indeed must get tired after a while of seeing the same old profiles all the year round.

AT St. Tropez they are building a mammoth luxury hotel, which, although only half-built, is already taking in guests. Beauvallon and St. Maxime have both got little casinos, and the bathing is deliciously clear—unlike Juan les Pins. The chief attraction at Frejus is a three-year-old girl named Brownie Melitus, who is the colour of coffee and swims out in all directions and without the slightest fear. Her elder brother and sister are nicknamed Smith and Jones.

Edmund Harrington

Lady Moira Combe, who is one of the most attractive-looking people in London, is the wife of Lieut.-Colonel Christian Combe, and has a son and daughter. She is not one of the "abroads" this summer, and has been staying with friends down at Hayling Island

This photograph was taken not in the South of France, or even in the Isle of Wight, but at North Berwick: Miss Anne Charteris, who is engaged to Lord O'Neill, doesn't look as if she found the East Coast at all too cold for sun-bathing

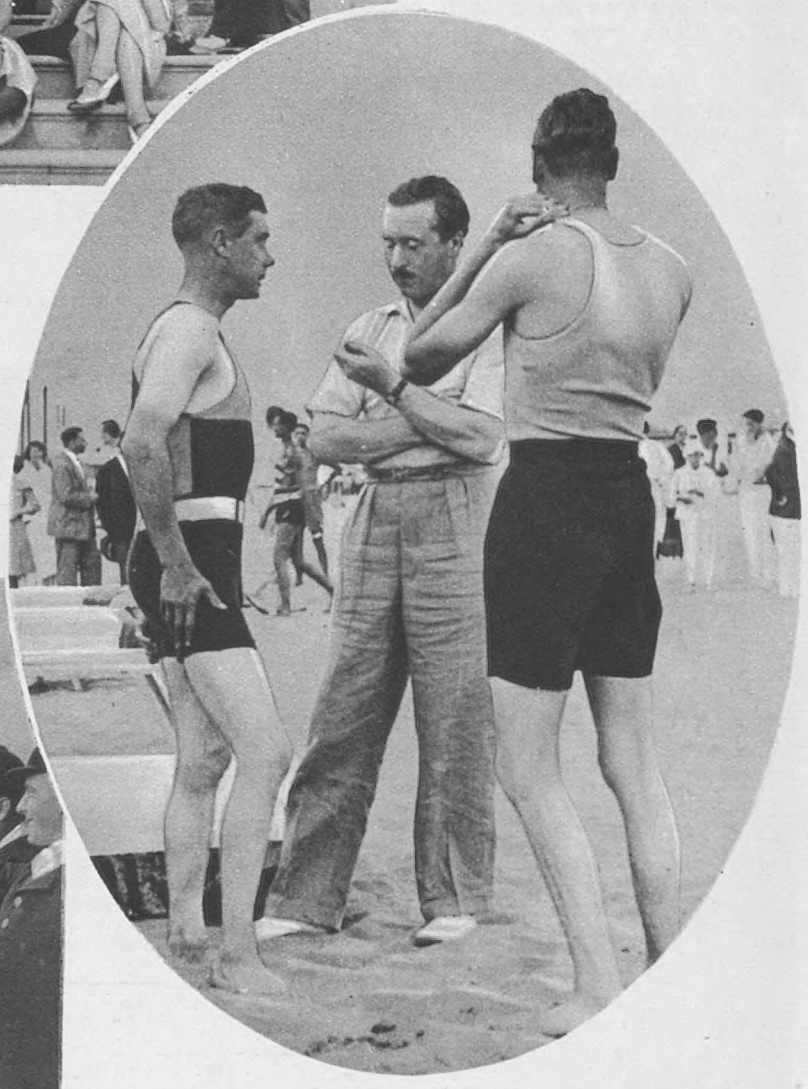


Left: A group taken at Broadlands, near Romsey, of Lord and Lady Mount Temple and their house-party, which included Mr. and Mrs. de Oxholm, Captain and Mrs. Arthur Paget, Mlle. Regis de Oliviera, Captain Cecil Gunston, Admiral Arthur Snagge, Sir Morgan Crofton, and Mr. Hubert Nicholls

A. Owen

A Hampshire House-Party

Below: T.R.H. the Prince of Wales and Prince George included Venice and the Lido in their Mediterranean trip; they were photographed here on the beach at the Lido; with them is Captain Alistair Mackintosh



The Prince on the Lido

THE PASSING HOUR (*continued from page* 387)

ONE cannot dismiss Antibes, Monte Carlo, and Cannes altogether. Sir Walter and Lady de Frece are at Monte Carlo, where they have been entertaining Prince Andrew of Greece. The Grand Duke Dmitri can be seen gazing with wan concentration at the roulette tables. Peggy Hopkins Joyce has a villa there. Mr. Willy Vanderbilt, who has had such a gay season in London, is still keeping up the pace, while other well-knowns include Lady Abdy and Mrs. Rutherford Stuyvesant. Most of them went over to Cannes to hear Maurice Chevalier sing the songs out of his new film last Thursday.

Mr. Malcolm Cumming, 60th Rifles, and his bride, Miss Monica Sinclair Elton, who is well-known with the O.B.H., leaving All Saints' Church, King's Langley, after their wedding. Miss Elton is the daughter of the late Brig.-General F. A. G. Y. Elton

THE Grande Semaine at Deauville was not quite so Grande as usual, but a number of Englishmen went over for the racing and for the sale of yearlings, though, goodness knows, there were enough bargains to be had in England the other day, when yearlings sired by winners whose stud fee was two hundred and fifty guineas were sold for sixty or seventy pounds. However, at least it was a good excuse, apart from the fact that bookmakers and others are going to pay less attention to the first outing of a colt bought in France than to that of a more fashionably bred animal.

THE English contingent includes Lord Michelham, Lord Glanely, and Sir Humphrey de Trafford, while the most beautiful woman, as usual, is Mme Martinez, though the Comtesse de Dampierre who, before her marriage, was Miss Rylda Lindsay Toone, runs her very close. The inimitable André de Fouquières still goes on introducing the cabaret turns at the gala night of the Restaurant des Ambassadeurs, but Deauville is, frankly, only a shadow of its 1929 self.

AT Pourville, the Grand Hotel has been crowded. Sir William Robertson—the veteran Field-Marshal—Lady Robertson; Mr. Francis Hopwood, the son of Lord Southborough; Sir Frank Sanderson, who has come on from Brioni for the tail-end of the polo season; and Colonel Henry Guest are among the English visitors. The polo season has proved the most successful ever staged there. Prince Stourdza, Colonel St. Clair Smallwood, Mr. Billy Gardner himself, and Captain Rowland Spencer are among the regulars. The swimming-pool and terrace is full to the "bruise" with laughing bathers, while the crowd in the Jungle, as they call the local night-club, is bigger than ever. Other arrivals include Lady Ashfield, Sir Joseph Addison, the Ranee of Pudukota, and Lady Pitcairn Campbell.

Being piped from the church by pipers of the Scottish Horse, the bridegroom's regiment: Mr. Douglas Vivian Murray and Miss Isobel Fausset-Farquhar, who were married at the Episcopal Church of St. Mary and St. Peter, Montrose

A. Owen

Ayrshire is another bit of Scotland where the autumn golfing season is, and almost literally, in full swing: photographed on the links at Turnberry were Mr. H. D. Winkworth, who is a Cambridge Blue, Miss Freda and Miss Phyllis Haylor, and Mr. Alec Warren

LATER news from the pleasure resorts is that silk stockings have disappeared almost entirely from Monte Carlo, where decorative sandals and bare legs are the fashion. Gilbert Frankau is still on his honeymoon down there. Sir Lionel and Lady Earle have been doing a good deal of entertaining. The Grand Duke Boris and Sir Oliver Duncan are also very much in evidence.

THANK goodness the heat in London is not quite as ferocious now as it was a few days ago. When the temperature is over ninety in the shade, it astonishes me that more people do not adopt the wise German habit of carrying their jackets over their arm in the street. To do this æsthetically, of course, one does not want to wear braces, and one of the pioneers of this sensible habit was Mr. Michael Renshawe, the son of Lady Winifred Renshawe, whom I observed in this décolleté last week. Absurdly enough, though, I saw another man ordered to put on his jacket when he was sitting in a sweltering non-stop variety theatre.

THOSE who can have got away from the torrid heat of London and been motoring out to the country in the evening to Great Fosters, which has benefited enormously from the installation this summer of its swimming-pool. Something like four hundred people have been bathing there every day, and on one occasion there were still forty people in the water at dawn.

A. Owen

A Yachtsman and Yachtswomen Ashore

Outside the Lymington Yacht Club, having just come ashore, are Mr. W. Whitaker, Miss Jean Whitaker, Miss Feiling, and Miss Penelope Whitaker

GOLFERS, in order to avoid the heat, have been motoring down through the night to Sandwich, where there is always a breeze. I did it myself the other night, and next day was painfully burnt on the arms as a result of rolling up my sleeves to keep cool. Despite the breeze, incidentally, somebody in the monthly competition ended up seven up on bogey, which goes, to show two things—that Princes ought to be put on a par basis, and that the course is in perfect condition, despite the hot weather of the past few weeks.

THE social season in Scotland began, technically, with the arrival of the King and Queen at Balmoral, but the house-parties collected weeks ago. The house included the Duke of Portland, the Duke of Westminster, Lord Glentanar and Lord Blandford. There are far fewer Americans this year, and those that have taken moors have not leased the most expensive ones. What most shots are interested in is whether Glen Dye can equal its record again of seven thousand brace. Personally, I doubt it. Lord Dalhousie's moors, like Gannochy and Hunt Hill, however, ought to have an uncommonly good season.

BESIDES the King and Queen, many other members of the Royal Family have been in Scotland for the past fortnight. These include Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose, of whom we hear very little since their father's gentle protest at the inaccurate stories about them which gained so much currency in the daily Press a year ago or so. Princess Arthur of Connaught and Lord Macduff are also in Scotland—at Mar Lodge. But people are still wondering about the final holiday plans of the Prince of Wales and Prince George—now at Cannes.

NEITHER Sir Arthur Michael Samuel nor Lady Colefax are going on their projected cruise from Venice to Constantinople and back in the s.s. Queen Mary. Lord d'Abernon has remained staunch though, and is taking a valet. He was seventy-five last week. Incidentally, Lord and Lady Grenfell returned from their honeymoon in Venice last week, and Lady Bridget Poulett, who was going on a motoring tour through Germany with her brother, has abandoned the idea. She was in London last week, and rather intrigued by the "Caviare" speculation as to her whereabouts.

Two of the spectators at the Highland games at Victoria Park, Fort William: Mr. Alastair Macdonald and Mrs. Terrence Sanders

At the Mallow Races, in Ireland: At the top are Mrs. Villiers Stuart, wife of the West Waterford M.F.H., and Lady Markham, and below are Lord Milton, Earl Fitzwilliam's son, and his fiancée, Miss Olive Plunket; Lord Milton rode two of his own horses at Mallow

TWO interesting engagements last week were those of Lord Merthyr, who is, however, in his sixties, and Lord Ashtown's son, Captain Dudley Trench, of the 60th. But we are still waiting to hear of the engagements of our young men about London; and what, pray, has happened to Miss Rose Bingham, Miss Averil Streatfeild, and other young débutantes?

IN London, things have become decidedly slack, though there are a number of people still waiting to go on the Blue Star cruise down the Dalmatian coast in the next few days. I see, by the way, that a number of women passengers have been tipping deplorably small sums to the stewards on recent cruises. Some have given nothing at all, and some only sixpence or so. But what should one give on, let us say, a three weeks' cruise?

Lunch Time on the Moors

Sir Herbert Cayzer's Ayrshire Shoot

Above: Sir Herbert and Lady Cayzer's younger son and daughter, Tony and Molly, with their cousin, Nigel Cayzer, Sir Charles Cayzer's elder son, were out on the moors with the guns

Photographs by A. Owen

Above: A photograph of Sir Herbert Cayzer's party lunching on the moors near Darvel, when shooting from his Ayrshire home, Lanfine. Sir Herbert's two brothers, Sir Charles and Sir August Cayzer, also have places in Scotland, in Forfarshire and Perthshire, as well as in the South

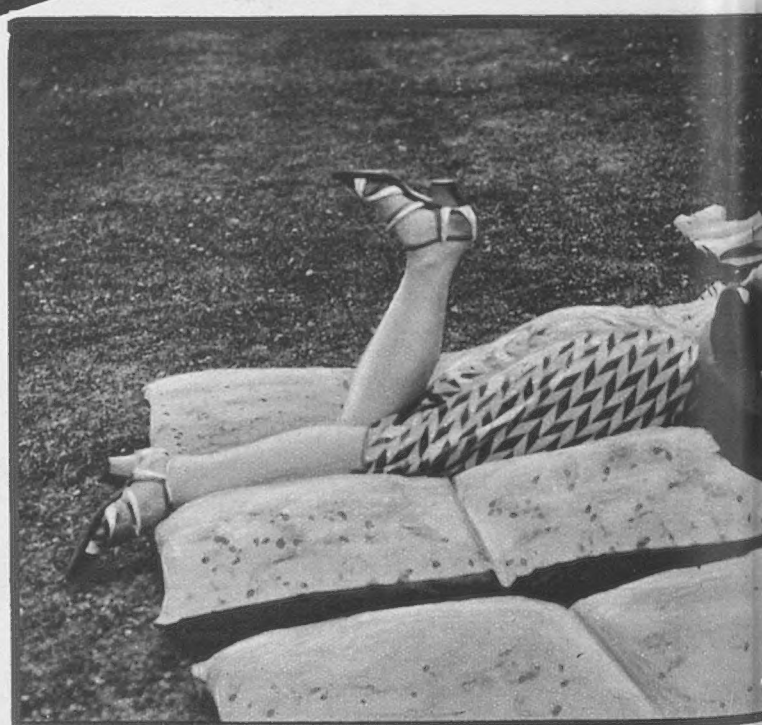
Another luncheon group on the moors near Darvel: Capt. J. O. MacAndrew, Member for Ayrshire, Miss Pamela Cayzer, Sir Herbert's elder daughter, who came out about two years ago, and Mr. R. Raw

Sir Herbert and Lady Cayzer waiting in their butt between drives. Sir Herbert Cayzer, whose other house is Tylney Hall, in Hampshire, is M.P. for South Portsmouth, which he has represented since 1918

Left: Playing Yo-yo at Pourville: Mme. Richard Roland demonstrating, and Mrs. Francis Dudley Scott acting as audience

Piccadilly

"When the lights of Piccadilly seem a thousand miles away,
The thoughts of stuffy London are forgotten while they play."



Right: Reading in the garden at Great Tangley Manor: Miss Diana Coventry, who has been staying with Mr. and Mrs. Philip Kindersley

Above: Sailing at Bembridge: Miss Peggy Phillips, who is the daughter of Brig.-General Phillips, getting the sail of her dinghy in order before a race

Above, circle: Golf at North Berwick: Miss Joan Wyld, Mrs. Robin Bushman and Miss Barbara Wyld waiting their turn on the tee

Above: An al fresco tea-party enjoying the brilliant sunshine on the beach at Seaview, Isle of Wight: Mr. Allan Marsh, Miss Nuela Butterworth, Mrs. Allan Marsh, Miss Mary and Miss Gabriel Butterworth, Mr. Geoffrey Vaughan and Mr. John Fuller

Hors d'Oeuvres : *By "Caviare"*

CIGARETTE-HOLDERS seem to have gone out of fashion. Lady Baillie still uses one, and lovely Isobel Jeans, but the jewel-studded works of art which were so popular a year or so ago are no more. Lady Kathleen Curzon-Herrick smokes a great many cigarettes a day, and Mrs. Arthur Towle likes her small cigar, but a lot of women are giving up this "feminine" habit of smoking!

GENERAL knowledge: Female—
Who has got warts?
Who has a "fascinating" cast?
Who likes "Mother's ruin"?
Who has green sheets?
Who likes emeralds—Thank you?

GENERAL knowledge: Male—
Who likes titles?
Who likes 'em blonde and stupid?
Who likes naughty cinemas?
Who has one?
Who came home too early?

IT is the early bird who catches the cuckoo.

SOME women have a warm, "glad-to-see-you" manner at the first moment of meeting, which makes one feel happy to be with them. Mrs. Nick Prinsep is one of these, and also her famous sister-in-law, Miss Margaret Bannerman. Lady Castlereagh, Lady Weymouth, and Lady Orr-Lewis are others I can think of—while their opposite and contrary numbers are too numerous mention.

WHY has a certain ex-ex-deb. been barred from a Scottish house-party this year?

TAKING incriminating photographs for fun is the easiest way of getting into trouble. Burn them, please, pretty lady with oh, so little brain!

MISS FANNY BRICE makes you laugh and laugh. And, oh, girls! See Maurice Chevalier bathing!

A WELL-KNOWN woman and a very charming young man have found empty London such fun—and how!

TWO bedroom slippers in the hand are worth a "case-in-the-courts" more than one left behind.

MRS. DEWINTON WILLS was a lovely dusky brown when she landed in England after a month's yachting in the South. She has an attractive deep laugh, and always seems happy. I like Lady Birkenhead's laugh—a vivacious one; Miss Gertrude Lawrence's, excited and gay. I have never seen June laugh heartily, or Miss Joanie Barry, or Princess Alphonse de Chimay. Why not?

"WHAT makes a good party?" someone asked. "A happy host and hostess," is the answer. If the hosts are anxious, upset, or dull, all the champagne and caviare in the world won't make a party. Captain and Mrs. Cunningham-Reid give good parties; the Oswald Birleys, Lady Cunard, Mrs. Beddington, and Oliver Messel.

A CERTAIN villa at Cannes has been christened "The Ring"—and not for romantic reasons, so guess again.

SERVANTS are great critics of houses. Some are very popular visits, some are not. They all like going to Dunrobin Castle, the Duke of Sutherland's home in Scotland; and Eaton Hall, the Duke of Westminster's, is another favourite. There is one ancestral mansion which is definitely taboo.

MRS. EDWARD BARON'S rubies are the admiration of all her friends, and her aunt-in-law, Lady Baron, has fine emeralds. Beautiful jewels are rare these days of depression, but the Ranee of Pudukota wears some very lovely gems. Semi-precious stones have a vogue. Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger has some fine topaz, and so has Mrs. Charles Baillie-Hamilton.

WARNING to a lovely lady—don't carry "his" letters in your handbag. It is very dangerous and a temptation to various friends.

WOMEN with really original ideas are few and far between; they generally copy each other or follow the fashion. Mrs. Armstrong-Jones has original ideas on dressing, and so has Lady Dufferin. Lady Portarlington and Mrs. Redmund MacGrath are original in the decoration of their houses. By original I don't mean ultra-modern or extreme. Mrs. Roland Cubitt is, and always will be, original as herself, and so will our "one and only girl in the world."

I WONDER if Lord and Lady Blandford are the tallest couple in Society? Mr. and Mrs. Robert Jenkinson are nearly as tall, and so are Major and Mrs. Pat Anderson. Two of the shortest couples must be Mr. and Mrs. Peter Thursby and Lord and Lady Carnarvon. The tallest husband and shortest wife are, of course, Sir Brograve and Lady Evelyn Beauchamp.

THE Riviera calling! Woman's corner—
Mrs. Sidney Van den Burgh has the longest blonde hair.
Princess Illynskaia is the most admired brunette.
Mrs. Irving Netcher was the brownest woman at the Monte Carlo Gala.

YOUNG bachelor hosts are few and far between, but Sir Paul Lathom started a new precedent this season when he gave several large receptions to meet members of the Government. The idea of a young man, and a new Member of the House, being host was considered quite sensational in some quarters, but the parties were very successful. Mr. Oliver Messel, Mr. Evelyn Waugh, Mr. Felix Harbord, and Mr. Cecil Beaton are also good bachelor hosts.

A. Owen

Before They Went Away . . .

Miss Irene Cholmondley goes walking in the Park with the Hon. Eileen Brougham, Lord Brougham and Vaux's sister

Racing: Odious Comparisons

By "Regular"

BACK again in England's green and pleasant land and, when all 's said and done—glad to be back. It 's all been great fun, and done us a power of good, and we return to our favourite pastime with a zest which we were sadly lacking on our departure. And no wonder at it—Lincoln to Goodwood is a tidy stretch without a break.

THERE is nothing like a little forced abstention to make one appreciate the good things of life. Champagne and caviare at every meal will soon pall, and so it is with our racing. There was more real enthusiasm at York than I have seen for a long time. Gone was the pre-holiday blaséness—burnt out, may be, on a rock in the Mediterranean, or disappeared down a cagnotte, or blown away in a butt.

THERE 's no place like home, but I am not so insular as not to appreciate visiting somebody else's home and seeing whether they have anything we haven't. I travelled about quite a bit and kept my eyes very wide open, and although comparisons are supposed to be odious, I got a lot of fun out of them.

DISGRUNTLED old men, who have, in all probability, tried to "get off" and been well snubbed, have frequently averred that women are out of place on a racecourse. Readers of this page know full well that I consider a meeting can be made or marred by the presence or absence of a number of attractive women.

AT Deauville and Compiègne I saw dozens of "lovelies," but, taking Miss Whigham to represent England, we win all right. Her most serious adversary, undoubtedly, was Princess Emeline de Broglie, whom I saw at Compiègne looking absolutely lovely.

IT is difficult to compare the merits of the horses of two countries until one sees them in opposition. Handsome is as handsome does where horses are concerned, but in point of looks I did not think the Frenchmen could boast of anything we hadn't got at home; though, in fairness to them, I must say that I did not see all their best.

THE horse that interested me most at Deauville was Fog Horn, belonging to Baron Edmund de Rothschild, which if present arrangements are adhered to, is to be sent over to run in the St. Leger.

FOG HORN won in a trot at Deauville, though I venture to think he had little to beat. However, no horse can do more than win easily, and though, on earlier form, he is some way removed from their best, he is undoubtedly on the up-grade, and with so many of our own champions under a cloud, Fog Horn must have a good outside chance.

TALKING of clouds, in the shadow of which Orwell has been reposing since the Derby, the kind of cloud which would do Mr. Singer's colt most good would be one which would burst. With those "shelly" feet of his, Orwell needs soft going, or, at any rate, softer going than we are experiencing at the moment.

IF Lawson, though, can get him fit to run, I shall not look beyond him. His Derby form was, I am sure, all wrong. At his best he is a great horse, and I most devoutly hope he will be fit and well to prove it at Doncaster.

BUT I am digressing. In my England v. France match, Miss Whigham had scored a point for England, and the horse question we had left in abeyance, owing to insufficient data.

NOW we come to jockeyship, and here again England scores an easy win. The French jockeys seem obsessed with one idea—to get their whips up, which, as someone humorously suggested, they do as soon as they see the numbers go up. The nearest approach to French jockeyship that I have ever seen in England was Lord Carnarvon on Patmos, at Lewes.

THE two best jockeys riding in France just now are Sibbritt and Rosen, who won the Hunt Cup on Totaig, and both these men are Australians. I have seen them ride on many occasions also in India, and they are real good jockeys. Of the Frenchmen, Semblat and Duforez are the best; but they haven't much to beat.

OF French training methods, I know next to nothing, though the leading trainers over there have always been Englishmen. The most successful in recent years has been Frank Carter, who, although an Englishman, contrives to look more like a Frenchman than any man I have seen.

OVER the question of racecourses the French win easily. I shall get in a row for that remark, I know, and all those who consider that no reform should be countenanced which dates after the death of Admiral Rous, will turn purple with rage and ask where in France is a course like Newmarket? The answer is "Nowhere: they wouldn't stand for it."

THE Frenchman likes to get his money's worth and, being funny that way, would consider it a very poor espèce de rigolo if he were asked to put up with a race over 2¼ miles of which he could see barely the last quarter of a mile—as one does in the Cesarewitch.

IN France you can see every yard of every race, and even on a small, unimportant course like Compiègne, the stands would make almost any one of our Park courses blush with shame; and what is even more important, these self-same stands are built at such an angle that you have no difficulty in telling what 's won, however close the finish may be.

A RACECOURSE paddock in France is invariably a thing of beauty. The only course in England that has modelled its paddock on these lines is Folkestone, a picture of which appeared on this page a fortnight ago.

WHEN faced with the question of improving their courses and adding a little to the comfort of racegoers, our racecourse companies, one and all, plead poverty, and say, quite rightly, that the French can afford the luxury of beautifying their courses, as they receive a nice fat subsidy from the Totalisator, while our own machine has only just escaped from bankruptcy by the skin of its teeth.

I AM not urging the abolition of bookmakers, and I am only stating a fact when I say that there is not enough money about these days to keep both bookmaker and Totalisator flourishing. The French know this, and there is only the Totalisator.

FURTHERMORE, they have combed out the bucket-shops which used to abound in Paris, and have instituted a central office of the Totalisator, which has diverted to it the stream of money which used to flow into the satchels of the bookmakers by the agency of the bucket-shops.

At Deauville, more than half of the very large turnover of the Totalisator was taken by the central office from bets made away from the course.

WHY should not this be possible in England? If it were possible to ring up the "Tote" in the way one does one's bookie, think of the vast amount of S.P. money which would be diverted into the machine!

The Hon. Arthur Somerset and Lady Chesham, regardless of the heat-wave, manage to enjoy the racing at Hurst Park

Mr. Atty Persse, Master Edward Lambton and the Hon. Mrs. George Lambton, three interested visitors to Hurst Park

D

MAYFAIR Through the

I'm too, too furious! Having just persuaded Johnnie to buy me a Rolls-Royce, I find darling Jeannie has ordered one too. Of course, I adore her, but I do think she might let me have one thing first; it's too sickening, and I bet she has an extra gadget I haven't thought of. It was just the same last Christmas—I got the emerald ring I had been pining for, and Jeannie got one too, and hers was a tiny bit bigger. Personally, I thought mine a better colour, but still, size is the important thing, because at the Embassy, on a crowded night, no one can stop to compare the colours; and, confidentially, I thought Sylvia's voice was a shade more envious when she examined Jeannie's, so the ring must be better than mine.

Jeannie is really a tremendous problem in my life. She is my very dearest friend, and we go everywhere together. We take our husbands, too: usually because they want to come, and, anyhow, someone has to pay, because our new young man—yes, we share him—is divine, but quite penniless. He dances like an angel—I suppose angels do dance?—and I was too thrilled when he told me I danced better than Jeannie, until I found he had told Jeannie she danced better than me.

I don't think Johnnie likes him much, but then, I haven't time for Johnnie's fads and fancies. His mother spoilt him abominably as a child, and he often seriously expects to get his own way! Too absurd, poor sweet! Still, he is awfully rich, and my debts were too, too devastating—even more than Jeannie's, which is saying something.

Of course, it would be too, too bourgeoise to be happily married, and I've got a terribly sad past. He was too, too marvellous! Whenever I saw him going out to the start, his face set and serious and his knees raised . . . I wonder why, when racing, one has to sit in such a funny position? I've never liked to ask . . . where was I? Oh, yes—going out to the start, my heart used to thump, and I used to rush to the rails and put everything I had on him. Once, when he won, I remember that I got paid pounds and pounds, and I gave him a quite perfect cigarette-case, in onyx with jade and coral inset. It was a lovely piece of colour—I would have liked it myself.

"I thought Sylvia's voice was a shade more envious when she examined Jeannie's"

I think he was quite overcome, because, when he opened the box, he looked at it so queerly, and said, "Is this for me?" in a stunned kind of voice.

It was all quite hopeless—I mean, my love; he told me very gently it could never be, because his wife was devoted to him and their five children. Still, I shall never forget him.

I play the game, though. When I go to a race-meeting now and his name comes up on the board, I never say a word, but I go quite pale, and sometimes a little shaky, and Jeannie presses my hand, because she understands, as she feels just the same for Francis Lederer.

Of course, there is one thing in which I do definitely score over Jeannie. Johnnie's father is a baronet, and though Jeannie's father is a millionaire, I shall have a title one day.

I made a good match, I know; not quite so brilliant as Pat Richards marrying Lord Jersey, but nearly, I consider. After all, a title does sound nice. Look at those two lovely sisters, Valerie and Essex French: well, to my mind, the name Lady Brougham and Vaux sounds much more exciting than Mrs. Drury.

I was so upset at the Embassy the other night, because Mrs. Peter Horlick had a lower back to her dress than I had to mine, and Lady Buchanan-Jardine's hair was done in a new and original way I hadn't thought of. I do like originality! I'm going to try and find out who her hairdresser is.

"Look at those lovely sisters, Valerie and Essex French"

Of course, we "marrieds" think the girls are too spoilt and absurd. Margaret Whigham had on a most divine red frock with tiny tucks—as Jeannie and I said, quite unsuitable for a jeune fille; but we tried to see if the name of the dressmaker was sewed on to the coat.

Then there is Rose Bingham. Do you know, Johnnie admired her more than anyone else in the room! Quite too extraordinary, I thought.

As a matter of fact, I didn't enjoy my evening as much as usual. Of course, we tore up to all our men friends, Jeannie and I, saying, "Darlingest, how too, too divine!" and we stood in the doorway for ages so that everyone could see us, but the entrance to the Embassy is not nearly as effective as the stairs at the Café de Paris.

There I can drop my train and go very slowly down, smile so sweetly to dear Jack Harris, put up my glasses to see who I can see, wave with my hand right above my head, to show my lovely arm, and then make a rush to the table on the right (stopping all the dancers on the way), and say, "Darling! Why

Cocktail Glass

By a "Married"

Illustrated by Pat Charles

didn't you let me know you were to be here?"

After that, we can always wave and call to the people who come in late, and look over the balcony. It is difficult to remain unnoticed. There is such a crowd at the Embassy, it is not so easy; but, of course, I couldn't miss a Thursday night there, and I always put on my very best dress because there 's always a chance of getting off with an ex-King or a prince or two.

THIS new away-from-one's-partner way of dancing is so excellent, because then one can show off the front of one's dress. I had a terrible job to teach it to Johnnie, but he 's learnt now, and we dance right round the room quite three feet apart, talking to our friends. Also, it is easier that way to look in the mirrors at the Embassy, and I always take a tiny peep at myself every time I pass.

"Mrs. Peter Horlick had a lower back to her dress than I had to mine"

"Then there is Rose Bingham. Do you know, Johnnie admired her more than anyone else in the room!"

Husbands are too, too selfish. Do you know, Johnnie actually wanted to go to Scotland in August, when everyone who is anyone will be in the South of France. I 've had my toe-nails done ready for it, my legs waxed to remove the hairs, my hair permanently waved, and my beach pyjamas are too, too divine.

Apart from anything else, look at all that money wasted if we went to Scotland, and, anyway, I couldn't go away from the others for all those weeks. Why, anything might happen, and I shouldn't know.

I explained it was quite, quite impossible, so, of course, we are going to Antibes; but, really, the ideas men get into their heads at times are too, too bogus.

ANYWAY, I must have a quiet holiday after this hectic season. I haven't been to bed before five in the morning for months, and yesterday an infuriating band woke me up at eleven-thirty, so I had a rotten night. In the South we need only lie and sun-bathe all day, so we will be fresh to dance and gamble all night, and, of course, it will be a nice change for us all.

There was a most divine Spaniard last year. I do wonder if he will be there. Oh, the way he kissed my hand! Too, too naughty!

AS a matter of fact, I 'm rather intrigued at the moment with Jeannie's husband, Billie. He absolutely adores me, and I think, secretly, he would much rather have married me than Jeannie, which I can quite understand. Of course, it doesn't matter much, as we are always together; but still, devoted as I am to darling Jeannie, I can still see her faults, and I don't believe that new golden sheen on her hair is really violet-rays for a moment.

Billie is so sympathetic and understanding, which, now I come to think of it, is what Jeannie said about Johnnie, which just shows how obtuse and stupid she is at times, because Johnnie has never understood anything and was not even sympathetic when poor Peki-bo-bie got a fish-bone in his throat.

LIFE is very difficult for a married woman at times, and husbands are the root of most of the difficulties. Johnnie actually wanted to go to bed at four o'clock the other night, in the middle of the quite divinest party. Said he was tired—well, really! Can you imagine anything more bogus?

AND last night there was an absolute scene because we used his dressing-room as an extra bar and the cocktail-shaker was upset in his bed. He actually wanted to sleep in mine, as if a little "White Lady," upset or not, could hurt him! Of course, I refused—I was quite exhausted after a too, too divine party.

"Smile so sweetly to dear Jack Harris"

At the Theatre

An Old Theme and a New Method

"Behold, We Live," at the St. James's Theatre

THE curtain rises in this new play by John van Druten on a sitting-room in a Paris hotel with a husband, Tono Cazenove, pointing a pistol at his wife, Sarah, and we should fear for her safety but for the fact that this part is played by Gertrude Lawrence, and leading ladies are not engaged to be snuffed out by a revolver shot so early in the evening.

This Tono Cazenove is a bullying brute to his wife and wishes her to accompany him South in order that she may play gooseberry in the house owned by his mistress. This request is a bit too steep, even for a long-suffering wife, and when he goes off alone, having cut a dinner engagement with friends who arrive at the hotel, Sarah thinks the only way out is to commit suicide.

SHE is dissuaded from this course by a member of the dinner-party, Gordon Evers, a barrister of renown, who falls in love with her at first sight and induces her to seek divorce. This she does, and takes a maisonette in Shepherd Market, to which Evers is a constant visitor, and it is here we learn something about him. He also is unhappily married, but cannot get divorced from a spiteful wife. The pair, however, finding that marriage is impossible, become man and mistress and, presumably, hope that the union may be legalised later. They are very happy together, and the irregular mode of life is blessed by Evers' mother, who expresses her opinion about her daughter-in-law—whom we never see—in no uncertain terms.

EVERYTHING for a time goes merrily as a marriage bell, even though it never pealed, but the future is darkened by the fact that Evers becomes a sick man and also by the fact that, thanks to this irregular union becoming known, he is passed over for a judgeship when it becomes vacant.

Eventually Evers dies, but the lesson he has taught the woman he loved leads her to carry on without him and think no more of suicide.

THAT, in brief, is John van Druten's story, but I cannot think he has been very happy in the telling of it. In order to create interest, and stress the idea that these two were passionately devoted to each other, both parts, on occasions, should have been written with passion. Sir Gerald du Maurier time and again suggests it by clever acting, but the words that are put into Gertrude Lawrence's mouth give that actress no chance whatever of revealing the depth of her affection. Mr. John van Druten is an apostle of naturalistic dialogue. He sheers away from writing a "strong" scene—even though strength at certain moments is dramatically essential—as if the very thought of drama were abhorrent to him. But drama need not be melodrama, and in an attempt to be natural he has not only achieved the unnatural, but ruined an actress's chance of revealing latent character.

A SMALLER point, but one worth making, is that the author has needlessly got into difficulties by suggesting that Gordon Evers sacrificed a career for love of Sarah. He is supposed to be a very successful K.C., earning pots of money, as K.C.'s can. I take it that the author intends him to be not a day older than forty-five. Why should a successful barrister in the prime of life wish to sacrifice a big income by being relegated to the Bench? Had he been an older man his wish to sit would have been more understandable; but then, in that case, the love scenes between an elderly swain and an attractive young woman would have had a rather unpleasant tang about them. Evers dies in the end to suit the dramatist's wish for an unhappy ending, and our author might have been content with that.

JOHN VAN DRUTEN being the writer he is, one need hardly add that in many ways *Behold, We Live* is a workmanlike play, but it is far from being his best. Nemesis does not appear to march irrevocably, but with the author giving orders, and that is not quite the way to make tragedy effective. Of Sir Gerald du Maurier's performance I have already spoken. If he has given a better one I have not seen it, but I find it hard to say how much the author and how much Gertrude Lawrence were at fault in not making the part of Sarah more effective. I think it was a case of fifty-fifty. First-night nerves may have accounted for the leading lady's inaudibility, but even had one heard every word of her part I doubt whether it would have made the character more effective. That Gertrude Lawrence has in her the power to portray tragedy as well as comedy is undoubted, and I hope there will be an opportunity for her to prove this later in a part which will allow her to let herself go, and not be like a diffident swimmer who puts one toe in the water and then withdraws it and goes back to her dressing-room without making a plunge at all. In the waters of drama, a plunge and a splash are expected!

THE best chance in the play was given to Eileen Peel, who, as Mrs. Stribling, a friend of both parties, neatly revealed beneath a kittenish manner the fact that she possessed claws capable of mischief. Alexander Archdale, as Mr. Stribling, must be sympathised with for being cast for a part which was singularly colourless; but Ronald Ward was more lucky as the brutal Tono Cazenove who, we learnt, was later sentenced by the author to seven years for blackmail. Throw in the usual charwoman, to whom Everley Gregg managed to give a distinctive walk, and Dame Francis Evers, played by Dame May Whitty, and there are the characters staged for our edification.

SIR ARTHUR PINERO once said that, before writing a play, he lived with his characters to see if they were interesting. If Mr. John van Druten has adopted this method, I should think he was ripe for a little cheerful society.

"Loyalties" Once Again

Maisie Darrell and Colin Clive who are appearing in the revival of John Galsworthy's play "Loyalties" at the Garrick Theatre

"Behold, We Live," at the St. James's Theatre

Sarah (Gertrude Lawrence) threatens to rebound if she is bumped off by her husband, Tono (Ronald Ward)

Jewel (Eileen Peel) provides the lemon in the Van Druten cocktail

Gordon Evers (Gerald du Maurier) and Sarah (Gertrude Lawrence) burst bubbles on Dame Evers (May Whitty)

Gordon Evers (Gerald du Maurier), now feeling very queer after his bubble-blowing exploits, finds that Sarah (Gertrude Lawrence) has discovered his farewell letter, written previous to an untimely and much mourned decease

Sketches by KEN

This is Dorothy Wilson, one of the girls whose meteoric rise in the film world is the dream-come-true of so many strugglers, for she was a stenographer one day and leading lady next day in the R.K.O. Radio picture, "Age of Consent"

Cedric *discusses* Future Epics

IT is such a long time since we saw any "mighty epics" on the screen that it is a nice change to hear news of some. Lately the producers have got into a nasty rut of ordinary routine films, and for my own part, starved of the life-giving mental food provided by million-dollar productions with, say, ninety elephants, five hundred chariots, and casts of thousands, I have been getting quite wan and pinched-looking. Well, Hollywood, is now determined to get back into the epic business, and even Elstree, or, rather, Shepherd's Bush, is getting pretty mammoth-minded. This news, rushed the other day to my critical bedside, brought a pink flush to my cheeks, and I at once sat up and called for a cup of Benger's.

Those dear *frères* Warner, whose losses (be it ever so softly whispered) over the past nine months have just been revealed as more than £1,000,000, have thrown all caution to the winds and announced that they are abandoning the ordinary "programme picture" altogether. Jack Warner made a really very spirited speech about it. Every Warner film from now on, if Jack's iron will doesn't falter, will be an epic.

THEN the Radio people in Hollywood, who are just now getting ready to spring the jungle epic, *Bring 'Em Back Alive*, on a latterly all-too-lethargic public, announce an epic entitled *The Conquerors*, which, from all accounts, is going to be a complete history of America since 1893. Over two thousand men, women, and children, a whole lot of animals, and may be a President or two will be in it.

Rasputin, which the Metro-Goldwyn fellows are "readying" (an old Hollywood word), is going to be so mighty that a new word is being sought to express the thought of "epic plus." In addition to innumerable extras, and enough sets of false whiskers to make a dense hedge round the grounds of Buckingham Palace, this picture is to include, for the first time on any screen, three Barrymores—count them, 3. John, Lionel, and Ethel will be seen in their daring thespian act without a net. The rôles they will play are as follows: John Barrymore - JOHN BARRYMORE. Lionel Barrymore LIONEL BARRYMORE. Ethel Barrymore ETHEL BARRYMORE.

It is not disclosed who is to play the part of Rasputin.

THE principal epic in preparation at the Paramount atelier is *The Sign of the Cross*, which will be directed, with all the reverential awe for which he has become famous, by Cecil B. ("King of Kings") De Mille. Fredric March has the principal rôle—something pretty sappy, from the sound of the thing—and Claudette Colbert will be seen as the Roman Emperor's wife. Claudette has a scene having a bath, following old De Mille tradition, in which public morals will be protected by a sort of fountain-spray effect in the foreground. What's the betting that we'll see Claudette toying with Fredric's baser passions—or trying to, rather, because, of course, Freddie will play a straight bat?

Will Rogers looking unpopular with himself and everyone else in a scene from his new film, "Down to Earth," which is coming to London soon. He is now getting ready to star in the musical reproduction of "Jubilo" which Fox Films are making

The Sign of the Cross, by the way, is the picture for which Cecil De Mille was announced to be searching for a girl who looked sexy and pure at the same time. Elissa Landi was the selection.

MEANWHILE, the first British epic of the season will be *Rome Express*, on which the Gainsborough people have been spending a frightful lot of money. Another is *The Mile Eaters*, an epic of British motor-racing, which

Belfrage and What-nots

is now in production in Ireland, and is being directed by Ronnie Hutchinson. *The Mile Eaters* is to feature scenes of the R.A.C. Ulster Tourist Trophy Race, and a lot of it will be filmed at Brooklands. Garry Marsh is principal heavy, and Lady Patricia Moore, my dears, is in the cast.

OTHER British productions of the more mammoth order to which we may look forward include *Don Quixote*, the £75,000 Chaliapin picture, which G. W. Pabst is directing, and a new kind of musical talkie for which Franz Lehar has written the music, featuring Owen Nares, George K. Arthur (now home from America to stay), and Marta Eggerth—another of these German "sensations."

Men of Steel, an epic of the British steel industry, has just been completed by George King, who is launching straight into the production of yet another epic—this time of the Merchant Service.

So, you see, things are brightening up. Get your free cinema passes out of those bottom drawers, girls, for there's entertainment coming West-endwards that is big, mighty, colossal, terrific—and may even be entertaining into the bargain.

Above: A scene from "The Lodger," which has been in the making at Twickenham: Elizabeth Allan, as Daisy, showing her new hat to her father, Mr. Bunting, played by the inimitable A. W. Baskcomb

Left: Another scene from "The Lodger," in which Ivor Novello and Elizabeth Allan are playing lead. Ivor Novello has signed on at Twickenham for three pictures, and the one after "The Lodger" is to be his own play, "I Lived With You"

FILMS TO SEE

Jack's the Boy. The Hulbert and Courtneidge film "glorifying the British laugh"—still running on at the Tivoli.

One Hour With You. Chevalier and Jeannette MacDonald cling on at the Carlton in spite of hot weather, trade depression, and not-so-wonderful notices.

Make Me a Star. See it when it comes your way—a delightful talkie version of the play **Merton of the Movies**

The Captain of Koepenick. An extremely amusing and "different" German talkie, based on the celebrated pre-war hoax.

Janet Gaynor, the co-star with Charles Farrell in "Delicious," has got a lot of work on hand, as she will appear in Fox's all-star picture, "State Fair," and is also playing in "Tess of the Storm Country," when her opposite number will be Alexander Kirkland

Mannell

Above: Isla Bevan, who is playing in Mr. Priestley's "Dangerous Corner," brings two friends to support her when she faces the camera, the one who is not a Pekinese being a poodle au naturel, which is, perhaps, even nicer than poodle à la française

IF GOSSIP

Labour's Inconsistency—A Silly The Critic in the Pit—

most sacred of their beliefs is the downing of barriers between nations. Brotherhood all round, internationalism, let 's-all-shake-hands-and-knock-down-all-the-fences has long been the Socialist ticket. Ottawa, had it succeeded, would have enhanced the brotherhood between Canada, Australia, South Africa, etc., and ourselves.

But those Dominions are not on that tack at all. They prefer what is known as "economic nationalism," and cling to tariffs in order to secure it. And Labour, via its organ, is delighted.

Strange that it should be considered a splendid thing to abolish barriers between nations and a hopeless mistake even to attempt to abolish them between ourselves and our own people overseas! Yet, in the circumstances, not so very strange. The words "Empire" and "Imperial" are, Socialistically, taboo.

Your true Little Englander must have England as little as possible—and as defenceless as possible.

MEANWHILE, Mollison's flight to New York—a fine achievement—was lucky to receive almost half the publicity given to that of Col. Lindbergh.

Chivalry, I suppose, demands that we must make more fuss of anything that a foreigner does than of the feats of someone of British birth. Besides, Professor Piccard set off almost simultaneously.

It thus became a problem as to whether it is more noteworthy to travel through the air horizontally and very fast or vertically and very high. My private opinion is that the human race can exist much more comfortably by doing neither.

ANYWAY, the real godsend to the daily Press in the silly season has been poor Brenda Dean Paul. The affairs of this unfortunate young woman,

By A. R. Cane

"I'm glad to hear you will be staying on after your marriage, Anne. Do I know the lucky man?"

"Oh, yes, Madam. It's your son!"

ONE could laugh with some degree of heartiness at the results of Ottawa were these not so disappointing and (as I write) the weather so hot. Ottawa, whose Conference has given the United Kingdom nothing—or next to nothing—has been hailed as "a great triumph and an overwhelming success."

There was much the same verdict passed on the Loan Conversion scheme, though I fail to see what there is to rejoice at over a vast number of citizens losing a portion of their income from investments, and over the spending power of the country being reduced by about £30,000,000.

Even more inexplicable, and certainly more ludicrous, is the delight of official Labour that the Ottawa Conference has turned out in the way it has. This is due, in part, to detestation of Jim Thomas, whom the Socialists regard as a renegade.

IT is also due to the fact that the Labour Party take to inconsistency as a duck to water. One of the

Outside the Eden Roc Pavilion, after a luncheon party given by Captain Woolf Barnato: Mr. Loring Pickering, Mrs. Woolf Barnato, and Mr. Nick Prinsep. Mr. Prinsep is Anita Elsom's husband

WE MUST

Season Topic—Women Police—Southend the Good

who is a person of infinitesimal importance, have been thrust forward to such an extent that a large section of the public is, by now, I imagine, quite interested in them.

She is not to blame, of course, for having ousted the sea-serpent and the giant gooseberry. It has been the fault of the newspapers, whose attitude, however, has suggested June rather than August.

THE women police have been in existence a good long time now without, in any conspicuous manner, justifying it. There has been something vaguely comic about them, together with the impression that they are invaluable when women have to be dealt with, though I fancy any woman in a bit of a mess would get more tender consideration from a mere male "cop."

If some of them continue to act as Mrs. Grundys in official blue (which is not their province at all), the whole force will grow unpopular and will have to go.

The policewoman who considered that some tiny tots of children in Hyde Park were insufficiently and indecently clad must either have no mind at all or a precious nasty one.

The other policewoman, who admitted that, although it was almost impossible to see a certain seaside bather who was undressing with the flap of his bathing-tent open, she laboriously reached a difficult position in order to have a look at him, and to summon him, gave a peculiarly malodorous example of the official attitude at its most prurient.

She reminds me of the story of the old lady who complained because she was able to see some little boys bathing when she used a telescope.

BUT there is a very different form of critic for whom I have much sympathy and admiration—the person who protests loudly in a theatre that an actor or actress is inaudible.

On a very hot night recently a very cold play was produced at the St. James's Theatre. With the merits or otherwise of that play and of the way it was acted on the first night it is not my province to deal. But I do know that I am not in the least deaf, and that from the fifth row of the stalls I found it impossible to catch what the leading lady was talking about. Yet when a woman in the pit, who must have heard even less, quite politely asked the actress to speak up, she was "sh-sh'd" and scowled into silence.

The only logical explanation seems to be that those indignant people did not want to hear the play at all. If not, why were they so angry with someone who was trying to enable them to do so?

But perhaps in this case they were right.

DEAR old Sir Alexander Mackenzie is eighty-five years young. Birthday messages by the score (which is an appropriate way for composers to receive such messages) reached him at Ramsgate last week, and many friends gathered round the doyen of British music.

He and his three closest pals formed a club of four some years ago, the object being to lunch or dine luxuriously whenever one of

Left: The Colonel (Clive Currie) wonders whether orders really do have to remain orders when two film actresses, like Fifi Delamere (Adèle Dixon) and Wanda Palunka (Olive Blakeney) are coaxing him to contradict himself, in "Orders are Orders"

Another scene from "Orders are Orders," at the Shaftesbury: Captain Harper (Basil Foster) and his lady love, Fifi Delamere (Adèle Dixon), listening to the persuasive talk of the American film-producer, Ed. Waggermeyer, played by Reginald Purdell

Dressed for any emergency, including wading: Mrs. Thornton-Berry shows the way to two of the guns in her husband's party, when they were shooting over the Melmerby and Penhill Moors, near Leyburn, Yorkshire, last week

Joan Barry and Harold Huth, looking nice and cool, in spite of the heat-wave that was rampant while they were working at Beaconsfield in "Sally Bishop," in which they are starring. Marlow was where they had escaped to from the studio to enjoy the river

SONGS OF SPORTSMEN

No. 4. The Lawn Tennis Player

THE pre-war warriors who strode
The battlefield of Worple Road
Were simple-minded folk who thought
Lawn Tennis was an outdoor sport,
For, sad to say, they'd yet to learn
That it's a business grim and stern.

So ignorant, I grieve to say,
Were players in that far-off day
That often they would joke and smile
Instead of scowling all the while.
An artless crowd, they'd merely laugh
If asked to sign their autograph!

When Wilding was the champion,
He rode to Wimbledon upon
His motor-bike and did not pose
For Press photographers in rows—
A shocking thing! But, all the same,
He knew a bit about the game!

Nous avons changé tout cela,
And now we find the tennis star
In such demand he writes each day
Signed articles about the play,
For he is idolised as ought
To be one who excels at Sport.

So if you'd shine at Wimbledon
And be a tennis "star," my son—
One of those lovely super-men
We see in action now and then—
Procure a fountain pen to-day
And start your training right away!

B. W.

the four had a birthday; I am told that one year the club managed to discover sixteen birthdays. One of the members, Col. Mackenzie Rogan, the most splendidly immaculate officer in the whole Brigade of Guards, died not long since. The other two, Sir Edward German and Mr. Herman Finck, keep, with Sir Alexander's powerful help, the club going in fine style.

It is strange to think that this youthful veteran was well known as a violinist and as a composer in the distant 'sixties, that Liszt was a close friend of his, and that his compositions were conducted by Hans von Bülow, with whose wife Wagner bolted.

SIR ALEXANDER began his musical career by playing in theatre orchestras. He does not now venture out at nights—this is his sole concession to advancing years—and he is, therefore, spared the dreadful sounds which pass muster for music in many London theatres to-day. I refer to the "canned" stuff, which drives musicians out of employment and music-lovers nearly out of their minds.

Theatre after theatre (though the Haymarket has relented) is going over to this feeble mechanical substitute. Soon, I suppose, there will not be a theatre in London—except those which show musical plays—with even the smallest orchestra.

This is surely wrong, for music between the entr'actes and before the curtain rises creates "atmosphere," even if one rarely troubles to listen to it in detail. Even the sound of an orchestra tuning up used, I remember, to cause a pleasurable feeling of anticipation and excitement, and to make a visit to the theatre seem an event. No form of gramophone can do that.

An impression of Carson Robeson and his Pioneers, who have gone back to the Berkeley to sing their "hill-billies"; they are four of the most popular people in London. Carson Robeson is the top one, then come Bill and John Mitchell, who play banjos like angels; and then Pearl Dickens, who sings most charmingly

FAR better than this is no music at all. As I was wandering through the corridors of the Garrick Theatre the other night, counting the photographs of Mr. Leon M. Lion, I thought how wise was the policy (since economy presumably had to be exercised) of announcing the rise of the curtain in French fashion, with three knocks.

IF you do not yearn after the social exclusiveness of Cowes, and have not the money for it, but own a yacht which is on or off Southend (according to the state of the tide), you can be sure that neither your soul nor your bank-balance will be in danger.

For Southend, along whose crowded front the other Sunday afternoon I motored, is uncommonly cheap. A tea, with cockles, for sixpence is satisfying, if indigestible.

Southend is also officially and municipally pious. Christianity costs even less than the cockles. At a corner of the street I saw a tall man, clad in a frock-coat surmounted by a black sombrero hat. He seemed to be a sheriff who had stepped out of an early film of the Wild and Woolly West. But he was not. He had round his sleeve an armlet, and on it were the words, "Borough Missionary."

BY VERNON WARD

"Wot are yer nervy about? If you've got a tanner on each way you can't drop much"

The Spinster of 1932

By Patrick Balfour

Decorations by Bedelia

"She became a house agent, specialising in converted slums, mews, studios, and so forth . . ."

Of course, spinsterhood, in the thirties, is only a relative term. I suppose that, officially, you would call Dorothy a spinster. But the name will not bear too literal a construction.

Dorothy is thirty-six and unmarried. But she has none of that pinched, faded appearance that one associates with the spinster of the past. On the contrary, she positively blooms. Nor does she sit primly at home with a bit of finicky embroidery. By no means. When she *is* at home her number is almost invariably engaged.

No. I would prefer to call Dorothy a bachelor. That word, in the thirties, has no longer an exclusively masculine sense. It takes either gender. Dorothy is a bachelor girl.

Will she remain so? Well, that is what everyone wants to know. Personally I would take a bet that she will. But solely from choice.

Dorothy was a war débutante. When the war was over people said, "Poor Dorothy. The war's spoilt her market. Her contemporaries are so scarce. I'm afraid she'll never find a husband now."

"Poor Dorothy." Well, so did it at first appear. The younger girls were sweeping the board with the boys fresh from school or the Army. There were no chaps for Dorothy but the aged or infirm. She was a surplus woman. By the time she was twenty-eight people had definitely banished her from their calculations, and crossed her off their lists. She was "on the shelf.

Shelf? Not a bit of it. No surplus is entirely without its uses, and far from retiring into an embittered spinsterhood Dorothy found, as it were, a second wind. She blossomed and came to life again. Marriage clearly seeming out of the question, she put it right out of her head, and set to work to find another career in its place. For there is much that a spinster can find to do to-day.

Dorothy had intelligence and foresight. Times, she saw, were changing. So were addresses. People would soon be forced to give up living in big houses. They would want something smaller and more workable. So Dorothy determined to anticipate their wants.

She became a house agent, specialising in converted slums, mews, studios, and so forth. Of course, she had wide family connections, which brought her business, and she soon began to make money; for she was a very competent business woman.

After a bit she thought, "Why stop at houses?" So the agency developed into a concern which would do or procure absolutely anything for anybody at any time: from theatre tickets to adopted children, dance-bands to laundrymaids, second-hand motor-cars to (it was even said) Parliamentary constituencies and American heiresses. Soon it was so sound and flourishing a business that it ran itself. Dorothy now leaves it to her paid staff, over whom she keeps an ever-watchful eye, and rakes in the commission.

A tidy little income. But nothing if it had to be pooled with a husband.

Countless people want to marry Dorothy now. The theory that twenty-five is the outside limit for a woman who wants a husband is quite exploded in 1932. At thirty-six Dorothy has beaux young and old, high and low, rich and poor. Married men, widowers, bachelors flock around her. Men have even consented to be divorced by their wives in the hopes of hooking Dorothy.

But Dorothy is not to be hooked in a hurry. She values her independence far too much. Besides, having herself escaped being rushed into matrimony in her youth, she has had ample time to watch the marriages of her friends, and to profit thereby. When they go badly she is the confidante—usually of both parties. Dorothy is everybody's confidante. Young men pour out all their troubles to her. They feel safer with the spinster than with the married woman of 1932.

She is an excellent friend, with plenty of poise, good sense and worldly wisdom. Her advice is good and her discretion cast-iron.

No; I cannot see Dorothy giving up her admirably appointed little bachelor house for a communal existence with any man. Besides, it would mean the end of all those long trips abroad, either alone or with some girl friend.

Never was an establishment more competently run than Dorothy's. Her French maid is "a genius, my dear. She deserves the Legion of Honour." She does all the cooking, apart from the other work of the house, and Dorothy's little dinners are gastronomically just right. Moreover, her cellar is irreproachable, and she never forgets the Armagnac and cigars for the men.

Everything in that house shows the touch of perfect taste, and it is the same with Dorothy's clothes. She has a Siamese cat, a neat little *coupé*, her own special table at the Embassy, a long ivory cigarette-holder, and a wind-blown coiffure; and each of these diverse attributes bears the stamp of *chic*.

Dorothy is much in demand as a guest, for an unattached young woman is just as much of an asset as an unattached young man. But she is really more at home when she herself is doing the entertaining. Wherever she goes she insists upon paying her share, and no impecunious young man spends a penny on an evening out with Dorothy.

Wherefore, all the chaps love Dorothy. But, at the same time, they stand rather in awe of her, as of something inviolate.

"I can't tell you," she says, "how *safe* one is as a spinster. No one dares so much as lift a finger unless one says the word. I just *can't* see myself getting married—can you?"

No, Because Dorothy, shorn of her spinsterhood, would be like Samson shorn of his locks.

". . . her cellar is irreproachable, and she never forgets the Armagnac and cigars for the men"

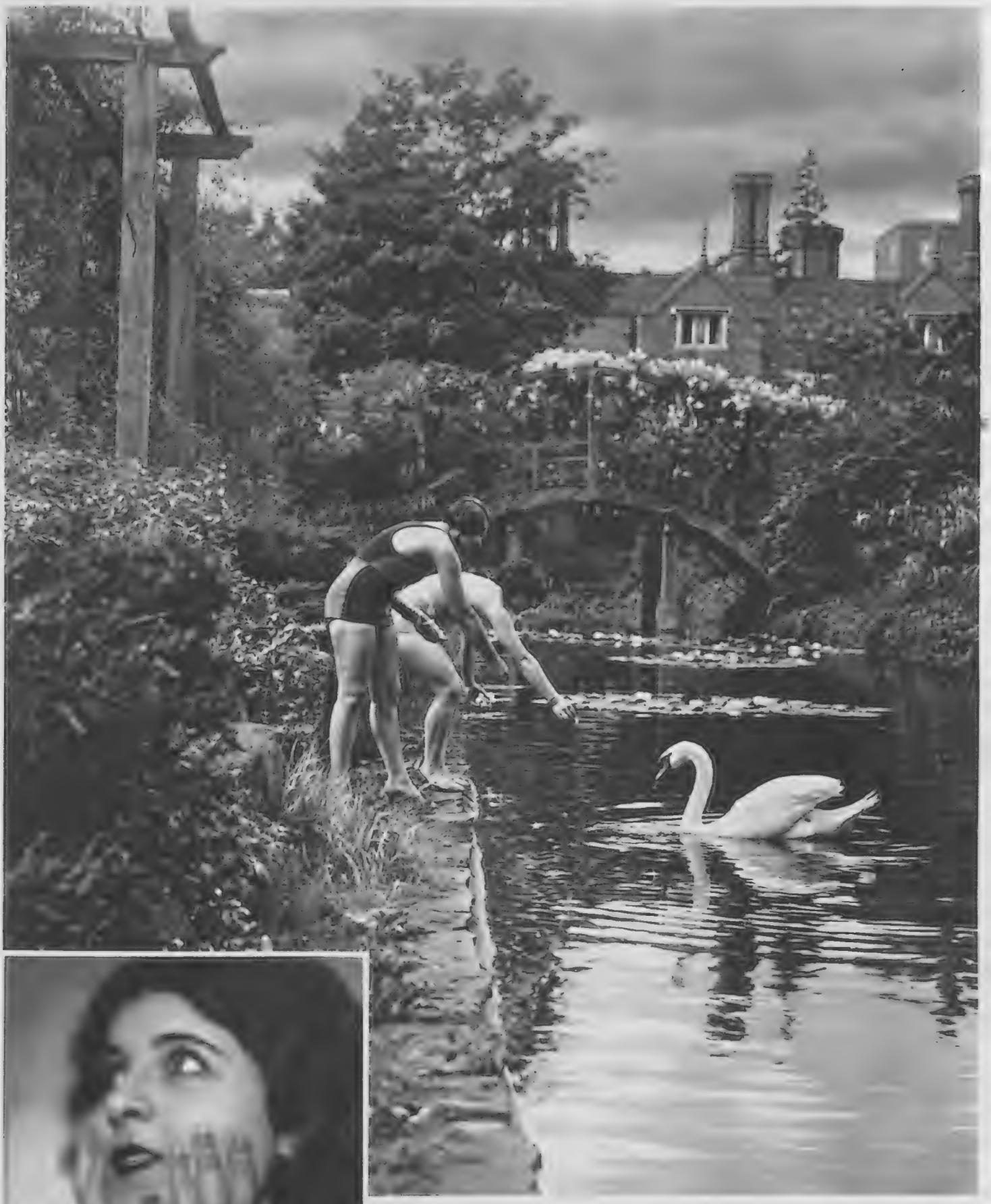
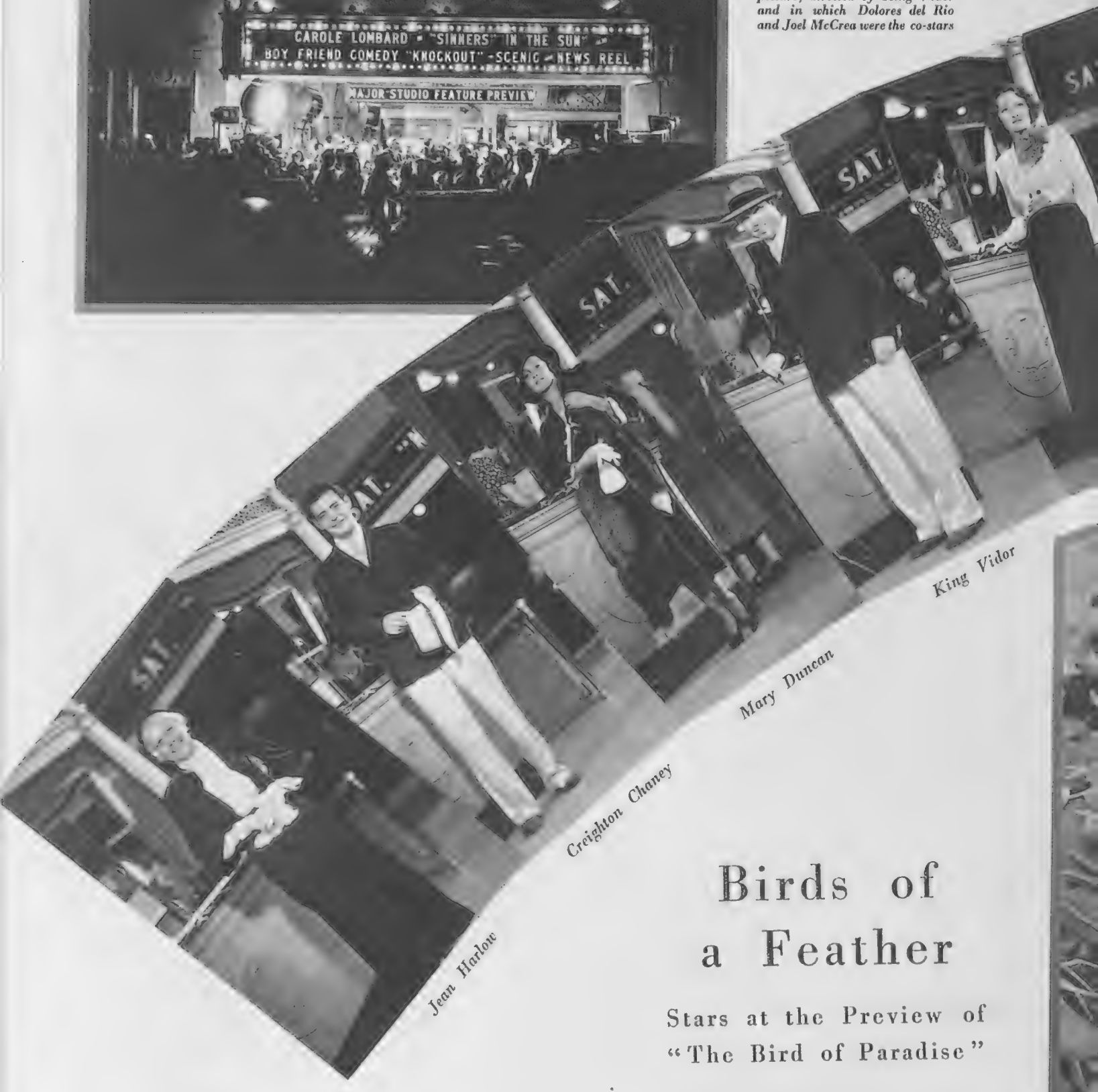


Photo by W. Davis

"PARIS IN LONDON"—AND AT GREAT FOSTERS

Two visitors to Great Fosters, the lovely Elizabethan house which is now a hotel, at Egham, were Betty Spell and Reine Paulet, who are playing in "Paris in London," at the Comedy. On the left is another photograph of Reine Paulet, who, besides speaking French, English, Arabic, Hindoo, and Japanese, is also a swimming champion and has been across the Sahara by car

Left: The scene outside the Ritz Theatre, Los Angeles, on the night of the preview of "The Bird of Paradise," the R.K.O. Radio South Sea Islands picture, directed by King Vidor and in which Dolores del Rio and Joel McCrea were the co-stars

King Vidor

Mary Duncan

Creighton Chaney

Jean Harlow

Birds of a Feather

Stars at the Preview of "The Bird of Paradise"

Above are some of Hollywood's important people who went to the preview, including King Vidor and Joel McCrea themselves; and on the right are Dolores del Rio and Joel McCrea in a scene from the film, most of which was actually made in Hawaii, and for which such words as "glamorous" and "exotic" are hardly adequate

Joel McCrea Fay Wray Skeets Gallagher Dorothy Jordan

Gwili Andre

The Lady Stavordale

Lord and Lady Stavordale's baby daughter was born a few weeks ago. Lady Stavordale, who married the Earl of Ilchester's eldest son in 1931, was Miss Helen Ward, daughter of the late Captain the Hon. Cyril Ward, M.V.O., brother of the late Earl of Dudley

Proud Mothers of The Newest Generation

The Viscountess Castlereagh

Above, right: Lord and Lady Castlereagh's daughter was another August baby; she is just three weeks old. Lady Castlereagh was Miss Romaine Combe; her husband is Lord Londonderry's son and heir, and sits in the House for Co. Down

Left: Lady Erne, who, before her marriage to the Earl of Erne last year, was Lady Davina Lytton, is the younger of the Earl of Lytton's two daughters. Her baby daughter also arrived about three weeks ago

Right: Mr. and Mrs. David Plunket's son and heir was born in Ireland, at Mr. Plunket's home, St. Anne's, Clontarf. Mrs. Plunket was Miss Sybil Archer, and was married in 1930. Her husband is a grandson of the fourth Lord Plunket

The Countess of Erne

Mrs. David Plunket

Photographs by Hay Wrightson

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf:

British and American Players

To see ourselves as others see us is undoubtedly given to the very few, but when the saying is applied to golf it has recently entered the realms of possibility, speaking both personally and generally.

Without doubt, there is a great deal to be learnt from motion-pictures taken of the player in the act of making his stroke; and it is now perfectly possible for anybody who owns one of the small motion-picture cameras to see himself as others see him during the stroke, and thereby, perhaps, to learn a lot about the slice or the hook which is at the moment afflicting him. Speaking generally, we are enabled to see ourselves as the Americans see us, because of the lack of success which has come our way in our International contests against them, and also in the defence of our National Championships against their invasions.

On the Pitlochry course, where the Highland Golf Tournament is held: Earl Watson, of Sandyhills, who was much fancied as a possible winner of this event, and his opponent, A. F. Simpson, of Lothianburn

The American professionals have a perfectly definite explanation to offer for the monotonous series of defeats which our own professionals have suffered in our Open Championship. They say that our professionals lack concentration, and not ability, and that it is purely in this fact that a difference may be found between themselves and us. This may be true, but I am inclined to think that there is a very good reason for it. The American professional has infinitely more opportunities of competing in first-class tournaments than has his brother Englishman. The appointment of an American professional to an American golf club carries with it very few of the duties which fall to the lot of the Englishman appointed as professional to an English golf club. The American professional is a player of the game far more than anything else. The English professional is a teacher of the game and a maker of the requisites far more than he is a player. I can think of no English golf club that will put up with the almost constant absence throughout the year of its chosen professional while he is occupied in making a great name for himself and competing for big sums and prize money all around the country. Yet that is what the big American professional is enabled to do, and it naturally does have a great effect upon his play. This, however, is simply an excuse, and I am well aware of it. To my mind, the difference between the American and the English professional at the moment is merely that the American is a better player.

As far as our amateurs are concerned, the again-monotonous series of successes which the Americans have achieved in the Walker Cup match is, we sincerely hope, about to be broken by the match which is to be played at Brookline in the course of the next day or two. But it will do no harm for the Englishman to spare a moment for retrospect, and in this he will be helped by what the Americans say about our amateur golf. Here, they point out, we are very definitely in no way inferior to themselves as players of ability. In this remark they naturally exclude the incomparable Bobby Jones, but then he is a genius born once in hundreds of years and cannot be included in any generalisation of the game. The difference, they say, between themselves and us is purely and simply that they take the game a great deal more seriously than we do and practise very much harder. What is more, for an event like the Walker Cup, the whole team definitely goes into training, both physically and mentally. Physically, they abstain to the proper degree from those normally harmless habits, such as slightly over-smoking and indulging fairly freely in alcoholic beverages. They also take care to get themselves into that state of bodily fitness which will enable them to give of their best on the day. Mentally, they train themselves to believe that they are undefeatable, that they are playing well at the time and are going to play well on the day, and that those poor boobs of Englishmen could not beat them, anyway, even with a set of golf clubs straight from heaven. By doing these things they are, of course, definitely laying themselves open to the criticism that they are making of what should be a game something very much akin to a business. But although the temptation is great to say that this is so, I cannot see that the criticism is justified. After all, the man who is going to play Rugger for his country has got to go into training, and a very much stricter training too, if he is to play the game of his life, and nobody says that he is making a business of it. This is but one instance, and I do not think it is fair to say this sort of thing about one game unless one is prepared to say it about all. I am not suggesting that the Englishman should, if he doesn't feel inclined to, copy this method of preparing for the Walker Cup match. Far be it from me to suggest—as I have once before written on this page—that a man ought to practise at golf, but I cannot see why he should not if he wants to, and I must say that I think the man who is prepared to do so is the sort of man who should be selected for the team rather than he who simply refuses to take the thing seriously in any shape or form.

At this moment the British team is preparing for the fray, and I have no doubt at all that every member of it has trained himself in his own way so as to give of his very best on Sept. 1 and 2. I can see no earthly reason why we should not win the match—unless it be the Americans. I can see no earthly reason, however, why the Americans should win the match—unless it be the Englishmen, who have got so much into the habit of being beaten that they may not think it now possible to win. For this state of affairs, this lack of morale, the British Press is undoubtedly largely responsible. Writers on golf keep on saying that they would like us to win, but they keep on pointing out very clearly that, in their opinion, we have not the slightest hope. This doesn't seem to me to be very encouraging for those concerned. In Tony Torrance and his men we have as good a lot to represent us as we have ever had, and rather than remember the serious defeats which we have suffered, let us recollect that a team in no way better than the present one had very bad luck to lose only by a point at St. Andrews in 1926. Another encouraging feature—there is no R. T. Jones to lead America this year . . . and there was then.

Balmain

And at North Berwick, where the season is still going hot and strong: Mr. and Mrs. Ray Atherton. Mrs. Atherton was Miss Maud Hunnewell, the well-known Anglo-American golfer; her husband is Chargé d'Affaires at the American Embassy in London

Young Society

An Attractive Trio

The Countess of Moray

Above: The Countess of Moray, who is the daughter of Mr. J. Archibald Murray, of New York, married the Earl of Moray in 1924. They have two small daughters. Lady Moray spends a good deal of her time in Scotland: too much, her friends in London think, but her Scottish friends say it's the other way round

Miss Diana Wilson

Who is the attractive younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Minto Wilson; her grandfather was the late Colonel Christopher Wilson, of Rigmaden Park, Westmorland

Right: Miss Mary Leveson is the daughter of the late Admiral Sir Arthur Leveson, G.C.B., and Lady Leveson. Lady Leveson was formerly the Countess of Darnley, widow of the seventh Earl, and Baroness Clifton is her daughter, and Miss Mary Leveson's half-sister

Photographs by Bertram Park

Miss Mary Leveson

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

Dorothy Wilding

LADY FURNESS and her sister, Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, resemble each other to an unusual degree. They both favour the severe, but, to them, most becoming, coiffure of a centre parting and a chignon at the nape of the neck, and look particularly charming in their well-cut gowns of light and dark satin, devoid of all trimming other than some well-chosen jewels

The leaves are falling
Winter will soon be here

ONE of the novelties amongst the materials designed for evening wear is a heavy silk with a self-colour design carried out in cut velvet. Of such a material, the velvet lines forming a diamond pattern, is No. 1 on this page, and so is No. 2, where the velvet lines form wide diagonal stripes on a two-colour striped background. Both these materials are from Ducharne. The contrast of two surfaces is very popular and, apart from the silk and velvet combination, Ducharne are showing a range of dull silks patterned with brilliant but self-colour designs, such as No. 11, and also an interesting selection of

patterned ribbed silks on which the same design is repeated in two mediums—for example, No. 8 shows a leaf design printed in black on white, and also the same pattern woven in grey to resemble a shadow.

AMONG woollens there is a strong tendency for very rough, nubbly surfaces such as No. 10, a Munro hand-woven tweed, and No. 4, a Rodier fabric into which rabbit's hair has been woven, thus achieving a particularly soft and warm material very light in weight.

Striped and diagonal weaves are particularly important, and Rodier shows a large range of the latter in contrasting colours, and of the former in self-colour. No. 5 shows a woollen with a fancy diagonal stripe woven into a dark background, while an example of a self-colour material with a corduroy effect is No. 3, one of Viyella's new materials. Another excellent example of the type of weave which will be popular this autumn is No. 12, also a Viyella fabric, which has a square honeycomb design woven in white on a dark background and is obtainable in a wide range of colours.

Checks and plaids are also popular, and Nos. 6 and 7 both show a typical Munro plaid which is made in several gay colour combinations. Many of these plaids have plain matching materials woven to match them, and most of Rodier's heavy-weight coat woollens have matching materials of a lighter weight destined for the accompanying dresses.

Some of these large checks are so loosely woven as to be almost transparent and as pliable as the softest jersey. A less extreme example of this openwork weave is the ground, No. 13 in the picture above, a self-colour weave of uneven woollen strands which will undoubtedly be one of Rodier's successes this season.

School

IT is of real interest to all mothers with school-going children to know that Peter Robinson are sending out their catalogue of girls' and boys' clothes this week. As is well known, this firm specialise in public-school outfits, and special care is taken to see that they are correct in every detail. A catalogue will be sent on request

A NEW department which will gladden the heart of all parents of swiftly-growing children is the new inexpensive ready-to-wear juvenile department recently opened at Fortnum and Mason. An excellent example is the six-buttoned coat shown on the right, which costs only 59/6

ON the top at the extreme right is a useful school dress of herring-bone tweed with a square neck and finished with a white collar. It costs 4½ guineas. Fortnum and Mason

THE striped pull-over worn by the little girl in the centre would be very popular with any schoolgirl and it looks extremely smart. In blue and red, from 17/6. Fortnum and Mason

THE small person on the right wearing a dainty smocked dress is only two years old and her dress costs 47/6. It may also be obtained in larger sizes. Fortnum and Mason

ON the extreme right is sketched a smart going-out costume for a three-year-old. This has stitched collar and cuffs and a hat to match. The ensemble costs 67/-. Fortnum and Mason

Books of the Day

The Last Edgar Wallace Novel: By "Junius"

I WONDER if Mr. C. K. Monro had his tongue in his cheek when he wrote *The True Woman* (Gerald Howe; 6*s*.). Whether that was the case or not, he has written a most entertaining essay to which he gives the sub-title, "A Handbook for Husbands and Others."

Why, asks Mr. Monro, is there a "problem of Woman," and no similar "problem of Man"?—and leaves you with the suggestion that there is actually no problem of either. Here are some of his deductions:—

"Woman tends to use insight and not intelligence." "Women tend to be purposive, not contemplative." "Man always thinks he is right. Woman doesn't mind whether she is right or not, provided she gets her own way. Here we have a source of absolute bewilderment—sometimes of life-long bewilderment and irritation—to a man." "Woman relates her life to her deep purposes, and takes it accordingly. She therefore tends to see it much more simply than man. No harshness of condition in the fulfilment of her mission can daunt her or even seriously worry her. . . . Hence the fierce implacabilities that marriage produces—the rows, the hates, the murders, wild miseries, wild heroisms."

DEATH has not wholly cheated the admirers of Edgar Wallace. His last book, *The Steward* (Collins; 7*s*. 6*d*.), has just been published. Listeners-in have already heard the first chapter, "The Steward and the Sharps," because Wallace read it over the wireless just before he left for Hollywood.

There are eight stories in the book, all supposed to be told by a steward on a big Transatlantic liner, "a dapper little man, in a white, short jacket, rather thin-faced, with what I would describe as a quick-change expression. His home is at Southampton, but obviously he was born in the Metropolitan Police area. He is very shrewd, rather voluble, and he has a Cockney sense of humour."

The stories are obviously based upon Edgar Wallace's observation of the card-sharpers who travel to and fro on the big liners — the "Barons of the Nimble Pack," as one captain called them. But in the mouth of the steward they have a humour particularly his own, such as "Stewards don't fall in love, they get married between trips and better acquainted when the ship is in dry dock," and "Elsie Dicker made a couple of trips to Europe, one to finish her education, and the other to make sure." These are rattling good stories. Edgar Wallace at his best, with the steward's humour added.

SOMEONE once said of a French author that he wrote fiction as if it were history, and history as if it were fiction. This, I think, applies to Mr. Hugh Walpole's monumental novel, *The Fortress* (Macmillan; 10*s*. 6*d*.), which has 811 pages and weighs over two-and-a-half pounds. It is the third volume of the Herries Chronicles, which began with *Rogue Herries* and were continued in *Judith Paris*. Judith is again the central figure of a book which is as great a triumph for Mr. Walpole as its predecessors.

In *Judith Paris*, we followed Judith from her childhood to middle-age. In *The Fortress* we follow her from middle-age to her hundredth birthday, when, surrounded by all her Herries relations, she receives birthday congratulations, the little procession being headed by her arch-enemy, Walter Herries. Thirty-three years previously, her daughter-in-law had written of Judith, "She is unlike anyone else in the world, a little, tiny woman with snow-white hair, a pale brown complexion, wearing the brightest colours, her eyes sparkling, carrying an ivory cane, and alive in every inch of her. . . . She is more living than anyone else in the neighbourhood." And this is the Judith Paris you see all through the book, a creature so vivid, so brimming with vitality and character that she becomes a reality.

The Fortress takes its title from a house which Walter Herries built close to Judith's home simply out of spite, hoping it would drive her, and the Herries she was protecting against him, out of their own house. But, like evil coming home to roost, the Fortress brought nothing but misfortune to Walter Herries.

Again Mr. Walpole uses a vast canvas, crowded with incident, and showing the history of the whole Herries family during half a century, a family of whom Judith's daughter-in-law said, "It is as though, inside the family, they are all against one another, but that against the outside world, they are all united." And in that half-century we have a vivid picture, too, of a gradually-changing England, masterly in its presentment of history, as a background to the fortunes of the Herries family in two generations. In my opinion, this is a great novel, profound in its understanding of human nature.

Claude Harris

Miss Alice Buchan is the daughter of Mr. John Buchan, M.P., whose biographies, as well as his novels, must be near the best-seller line. Miss Buchan is herself working on a historical novel

"THE COLOURED DOME" (Gollancz; 7*s*. 6*d*.), by Francis Stuart, is beautifully written; it has exquisite passages of prose. But, frankly, unless you have some knowledge of the inner events that led to the creation of the Irish Free State, the intention of the story is difficult to grasp. And I think, too, you would have to be Celtic to follow the mental processes which led Garry Delea to go back to Mountjoy Prison after he had been released at the very hour of execution. Yet the beauty of the writing gives the book a fascinating mystery.

MISS DOROTHEA CONYERS gives us some amusing situations and complications in *Whoopee* (Hutchinson; 7*s*. 6*d*.), a novel which will delight all hunting-folk. The Rev. Augustus Thynne, believing himself to be dying, writes to his nephew telling him to bring his great-niece over to Ireland. His intention is to leave the girl a large legacy. But she has measles, and her American stepmother takes her place. For the ensuing complications you must go to the book. It is one of Miss Conyers' happiest.

VIRGINIA, the heroine of *The Willing Prisoner* (Hurst and Blackett; 7*s*. 6*d*.), by Irene Stiles, is the "modern" young woman we are meeting so frequently in novels nowadays, but with a difference. She is only "modern" in so far that she wishes to work, and becomes a man's mistress entirely of her own free will. But she does it without any flourish of trumpets or casting her bonnet publicly over the windmill. She has an aunt, also Virginia, who has her love-story too. A charming, attractive book.

I CAN recommend three novels of adventure. First, *Blackcock's Feather* (Chambers; 7*s*. 6*d*.), by Maurice Walsh. This is historical, and tells of David Gordon's adventures in Ireland in the days of Queen Elizabeth. Then, in *King's Crew* (Constable; 7*s*. 6*d*.), by Frank H. Adams, we have modern adventure in California, and in Mexico, where there are exciting insurrections and amazing escapes. In *Eye for an Eye* (Hutchinson; 7*s*. 6*d*.), by Graham Seton, you have spies, love, and a story told with breath-catching rapidity, and placed in the romantic setting of the Caucasus.

Club-Swinging in Scotland

Some North Berwick Enthusiasts

Above: Mrs. J. N. Horlick has an attractive house, Greywalls, right on the Gullane course; she is here with her second daughter, Miss Ursula Horlick, and Prince Paul of Greece

Above: Hurrying along—an international Threesome: Miss Aline de Gunsbourg, Baron Pierre de Gunsbourg's daughter, Miss Lulu Esmond, and Miss Betty Eliot

Below: Mr. J. M. FitzRoy, who is with his wife, was in the Navy, and is a son of the Speaker of the House of Commons, and a nephew of Lord Southampton

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. FitzRoy

The Hon. Guy and Miss Laura Charteris

Above: Miss Barbara Wyld, Miss Barbara Steele, Miss Joan Wyld, Miss Miranda Lampson, and Miss Patricia Little waiting at the first tee

Left: The Hon. Guy Charteris is the son of the Earl of Wemyss, and is with his second daughter, Miss Laura Charteris

Right: Lady Isobel Manners, the younger daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, was photographed while she was driving off the second tee

Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Guy Neumann on the links at North Berwick. Mrs. Neumann was the Hon. Jean Loch, and married Sir Cecil Neumann's brother in 1930

All Eyes on the Ball

Miss Evelyn Coats does a good drive from the second; keeping their eyes on the ball are Miss Jessie Mackechnie and Miss Irene Coats. They are all staying at North Berwick

Letters of a Lady Golfer:

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER—

WELL, well, and did you ever! I only hope golf was not part of your programme in the heat-wave, for, if so, I've a nasty feeling that this letter will come back marked "Not delivered. Addressee deceased." For myself, staying a great many hundred feet above sea-level, on Exmoor, with a horse to carry me still higher when wanted, I've been getting along very pleasantly, thank you, even if Sir Walter Gilbey would have found a few shortcomings in my attire. But there are limits, aren't there? One simply cannot put on the right clothes for riding or golf and keep really cool when the temperature is away up in the nineties; and I tremble to think of the British golfers who have been touring in Sweden, coping with this heat.

However, beyond saying that it was "terrific," my particular correspondent of the party takes that part of the proceedings very placidly, and waxes eloquent instead over the truly delightful time they are all having. Perhaps I never told you, but "Fairway and Hazard" on this side, and Mr. Nobel, of Peace Prize fame, on the other, laid their heads together this spring, and the result was that Miss Gourlay, Mrs. Andrew Holm, Miss Jean McCulloch, Miss Doris Chambers, Mrs. Alec Gold, Miss Julia Hill, Miss Jean Hamilton and Miss Gladys Bastin went out ten days ago and have been given a simply delightful time.

Perhaps when you get this, one or other of them will be Swedish champion, but, whether or no, they seem likely to feel eternally grateful to everybody who engineered so entirely delightful a trip for them.

Things apparently went absolutely right from the very start, when they sailed from Tilbury on a waveless sunny sea for Gottenburg, thence by car to Bastad. There they have all been given the time of their lives, with never a dull moment, always somebody at hand with a suggestion for some further treat or kindness.

Another North Berwick trio: Sir Duncan Hay, with his sister, the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Dutton (right) and Miss Julia Dutton, her daughter, who is to be presented next year

THE course seems to be very beautifully situated up on the hills, close behind the attractive villas where the golfers are housed, and if the ball needs hitting rather more firmly on the greens than some of the visitors find easy, they are probably getting used to it by now. Even in their first venture—a men-and-women's match-play tournament under handicap—they managed to render pretty good account of themselves with the aid of six additional strokes on to their handicap to help them along from the men's tees. As Taylor and Hawtrey are responsible for the laying-out of the course, one cannot suppose it to be anything but a stern test.

Mrs. Gold was the heroine of the occasion, and appears to have played really well after defeating a Swedish man, she beat Miss McCulloch 3 and 2, and then only lost the 36-hole final on the last green to a 2-handicap man, Hr. E. Runfelt, of Stockholm. Mrs. Gold, playing on 8, made a fine show in the long game, and had every possible reason to be pleased with taking a strong opponent so far. So had Miss Bastin at being a semi-finalist, for she has been out of big competition golf for many a long year. But the old fighting spirit never dies, does it? In her palmiest days Miss Bastin used to be called the Harrier of the Great, the persistency with which she chased Miss Cecil Leitch in various championships being a thing which had to be seen to be believed. I remember the English championshp final at Walton Heath in 1914 when——. But reminiscences are apt to be wearisome; it is much pleasanter to think that Miss Bastin is playing truly first-class golf again—she beat Mrs. Holm, reigning Scottish champion, 2 and 1

(*Continued on page 428*)

Links with Character

Intimate Impressions of Famous Golf Clubs

No. 5. Sunningdale. By Gerard Fairlie

Pictured by H. H. Harris

THE approach to Sunningdale is a matter of difficulty. The man who takes the train at Waterloo and gets out under an hour later at Sunningdale Station is faced with a stiff climb up the path which leads from the gates of the level-crossing; the motorist must circumvent a severe and winding hill from the main road, and must then contrive to avoid the very artificial bunker which has been erected on the entrance drive. This takes the form of a low wall across the road, which leaves an opening just sufficient in width for a car to pass with a careful driver. The idea is one which is excellent; cars in the past have swept up to the front steps in a manner which has hastened the pulse of many an elderly member on his way from the bar to the first tee; and now these same members may make the previously perilous crossing in comparative safety. Comparative only because of the almost indecent acceleration of the modern automobile.

The approach to Sunningdale membership is also a matter of difficulty and, just as in the case of the approach by car, must be undertaken with patience. Sunningdale has always been considered one of the most desirable of all the clubs which abound round London, and has always had a great many more applications for membership than it required. Nowadays, the interval which must elapse between the moment of proposal and election is considerable.

THE advent to Sunningdale is always friendly, and seldom without humour. Sheridan, the caddie-master, sees to that; he is there to greet you with a smile and a jest, and to remove your clubs from your car before you go to park it a few yards farther on. That parking-place is very well thought out, for you must pass the professional's shop on your return to the club-house, and the sight of it will often influence you just as you are debating whether to buy a new ball or make the part-worn do for just one more round. It seldom does.

Thence to the club-house. It cannot be said that the building is ideal, but there is one thing which stands out and strikes the stranger at first glance—light. Sunningdale is light, even in grey winter. Sunningdale seems to say on a bad, wet day: "Let's pretend it's fine outside. Look at all of my windows, and see how much of whatever light is available, is available for *you*." A pretence to cheerfulness which, within the club-house, is never necessary, for F. P. le Marchand, Prince of Secretaries, is there to greet his members.

And on a fine day in the summer, Sunningdale throws open all its windows and lets in the air to mix with friendship in a cocktail which has any from the bar beat to a frazzle.

For friendship is very evident at Sunningdale. Sit with me on the fender by the unlit fire and watch all those around. Watch how the groups disband, only to re-form a moment later, but with different units. Watch how, from these groups, light-hearted banter flows from the one to any other. Watch how a single unit will disentangle from his group, happily to insult some other member, and

Right: A. H. Read. Below, left: Lord Charles Hope. Below, right: Captain A. G. Pearson

Dale Bourne testing the jumper of Dennis Kyle to see whether it's made of the right stuff for Sunningdale

Happy golfer measuring the size of the swordfish by stance, and proving that Sunningdale is one up on Stoke Poges in the way of fish

quickly to receive a stinging, but painless, riposte. And watch the ant-like flow to and from the serving window, which the swordfish ever stares at with an envious eye—faute de salt water.

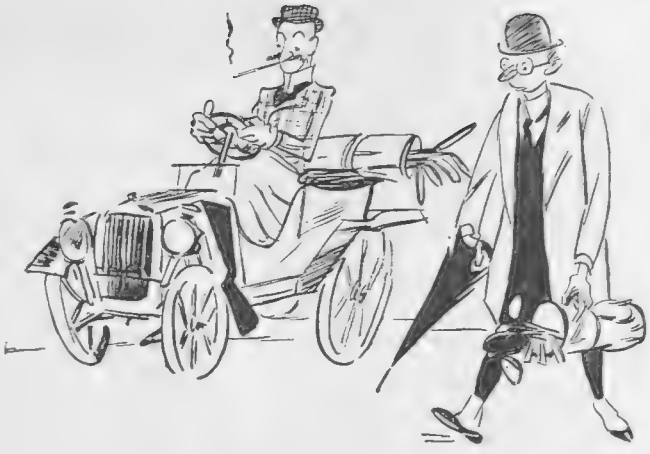
This swordfish—if he is a swordfish—is a club character. A member presented him (or her). Killed by a golf ball, I suppose.

THERE are two famous stories told of the members. The first, the less flattering, I tell at once, for it is better to laugh last. A certain individual was asked where he proposed to play his game on the following day, and announced Sunningdale. "Oh," remarked his questioner, "that's where you can't tell the members from the caddies."

And the other: A special general meeting of the club is in progress some time before the war. A proposal is put to the meeting, but the chairman pours iced water on the proposition, and winds up his somewhat hectic speech with the words: "No respectable club would do such a thing." A little man rises to his feet: "Mr. Chairman," he says, excitedly, "just such a proposition has been put into effect at the other golf club of which I have the honour to be a member." The chairman glanced at him, seemed to see him for the first and last time. But as he looked away, he remarked: "I said a *respectable* club."

So there you are. For in one case there is comparative disparagement, and in the other an arrogant elevation to a position considerably greater than the famous golf club mentioned by the little man.

I have told these two preposterous tales for a very definite reason. They seem, taken together, to hold the truth about Sunningdale. It does not matter whether you appear to play béretted or bowlered or bare-headed, sleevelessly pull-overed or merely mackintoshly cowboyed, trousered or plus-foured: you are not judged on your face-value. Just as your handicap is not assessed on the number and scintillance of your golf clubs, but on your scores and victories, so is your value as a member assessed not on your clothes and personal conceits, but on your personality. Sunningdale, in fact, says to you: "I don't care how unlike a gentleman you are; you are a carefully selected member, and that's good enough for me. Rise, and wear the bronze and azure. Seven - and - sixpence from the Secretary, post free."



Let us make it perfectly clear that there is no class distinction at Sunningdale. It matters not whether you arrive by car or Green Line

FOURSOMES, both legitimate and illegitimate, form a large part of the golfing life of Sunningdale. Those who go down and play a single in the morning, very often pair with their hated rival and combat two others in the afternoon; other members prefer to strike their own ball all day and, doing so in what they call a foursome, bastardise the game.

Welcome One and All

It does not matter two hoots whether you play béretted, bowlered, bagged, or plus-foured: you are not judged on face-value

And another feature of the place is the undisputed fact that a member arriving on chance and without an arranged game is never left without a match.

OF the courses very little need be said. The Old Course has deservedly a reputation second to no other inland links in all the country; the New is rapidly encroaching on the popularity of its elder brother. The Old Course, in particular, is typical of the spirit within the club-house, for it is nearly always friendly. Sometimes, in the spring and summer, very flatteringly friendly to one's golf. And it has a beauty which, whilst in no way awe-inspiring, yet sometimes places a halter on one's breath. The view from the fourth green on a good day, for instance, looking down towards the sixth green with all the length of the fifth hole under review, is one which I, and not only myself, will treasure always. The New Course also has its beauty, but it is of a slightly different character—more wild and yet a trifle more severe. It is rather as if the head of the family, as opposed to the second son, were eminently charming and upright, but bounded perhaps a little more by the confines of tradition and the family tree.

Golf-club car-parks speak volumes on occasion. Sunningdale has its Rolls-Royces, if not perhaps so many as at Walton Heath; Sunningdale has its four-door saloons and its sports models; Sunningdale has its Austins and its Hornets; and, until recently, Sunningdale had what must have been one of the very oldest Sunbeams in the world. But, thank the Almighty! Sunningdale has its train service as well, and its members are considered no less knights of the bronze and azure for the using of it.

Or, should one turn up before the level-crossing gates are closed, a Green Line 'bus.

NEXT WEEK:

Gerard Fairlie and H. H. Harris long for a Tank at

Camberley Heath

You can distinguish between members and caddies by the size of their cigars

Imperial Airways Make Flying the Fashion

By Captain C. E. Ward

British aviation is indebted to Mr. J. A. Mollison, who has added the Atlantic crossing to a long list of achievements as a lone pilot and navigator. Exceptional powers of endurance combined with accurate course-keeping are the secrets of his success

Air Travel de Luxe

Some idea of the popularity of Imperial Airways' services may be gauged by the fact that intending passengers have been turned away on several occasions during the past month or so. Air traffic is still seasonal to quite a large extent, and it would be unreasonable to expect the company to spend tens of thousands of pounds on machines which might be idle during the winter months. The gap between the figures for winter and summer is becoming narrower as the technical difficulties of flying in bad weather are overcome, and one can anticipate with confidence that air services will be as reliable as those on land or sea, irrespective of weather conditions. As a matter of interest, Imperial Airways carried nearly 5500 passengers during last month on the Continental routes, which was more than double the number which travelled during the same period last year. Twenty-two countries are served by their regular routes, compared with six when the company was formed seven years ago.

Saving Hours from Point to Point

The time from door to door is of more importance for business purposes than the speed of the aeroplane, and in this respect all operating companies are in the hands of Governments or municipalities who provide the airports. Le Bourget is nearer to Paris than Croydon to London, but the traveller is interested chiefly in the fact that he can reach any place within five miles of Victoria in four hours from a similar departure point in Paris. The motor-coach centre in Paris has been changed to the Hotel Bohy-Lafayette, owing to difficulties in picking up traffic in the Avenue de l'Opéra, where the company's offices are still maintained. To those not accustomed to air travel, I would recommend luggage made of fibre. The lighter you travel, the less it costs you, and quite a large suit-case comes within the free allowance of fifteen kilos to Paris or other European cities. During breakfast, lunch, or dinner on the 'plane, study the map which is provided free for all passengers. The drawings are amusing and the short history of the conquest of the air is quite instructive, besides which the stewards can get on with their job of serving eats and drinks, instead of answering questions about the landscape. The map itself, produced by Raynoil, is a copy of their air-route chart so popular with pilots.

Recent Events

Mr. Mollison's flight to America is much more than a stunt, because his preparations, made with the greatest care and foresight, left nothing to chance except the possibility of engine trouble. The Gipsy, as usual, proved completely reliable, its triumph being shared by "Castrol," K.L.G. plugs, and Shell petrol. Only extremely bad weather prevented Mr. Mollison from reaching his objective, New York, for during the last few hours of the flight he covered little more than a hundred miles in his search for a safe landing-ground. One of the most remarkable features was the take-off itself, the machine carrying a tremendous overload of petrol, the weight of which was about equal to that of nine men. There must have been considerable risk of collapse before the Puss Moth was airborne; quite a small bump whilst running on the sands at nearly eighty miles an hour would have been sufficient to cause disaster. This did not occur, and the fact that no trouble was experienced in bumpy weather over the Atlantic should convince the most sceptical that the British light aeroplane has a tremendous factor of safety.

On Pulling Up in Time

Any amount of minor damage to aircraft manœuvring on the ground can be avoided if a really efficient braking system is available. Also the ability to move around on the crowded tarmac of a modern airport is not only a convenience, but may save handling charges, and it certainly relieves the ground staff of much labour. The Dunlop Company has recently introduced a new wheel-brake, which is applied by the rudder bar. The machine, therefore, can be steered by means of the brakes, and a small lever on the control stick or the side of the cockpit is ready for use when even application is required to shorten the landing run, for parking purposes, and for engine tests prior to departure. On the demonstration machine, which was an Avian, the complete installation weighed 18½ pounds. The Dunlop system involves the use of a compressed-air container which could be kept charged by a pump driven from the engine. In the States, there is an efficient engine-starter, known as the Heywood, also worked by compressed air, and one might hope that our designers could incorporate this in future power units, using the same pump and air-bottle for starting the engine and stopping the machine. The Dunlop Company has bought a Puss Moth from Brian Lewis for the use of Mr. H. S. Robertson, the manager of its aviation section. He has been a pilot for many years, and was flying for Daimler Hire before this company was absorbed by Imperial Airways.

A trio of women pilots: From left to right, Mrs. Mollison, who, as Miss Amy Johnson, flew to Australia; the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce, recently engaged on a refuelling endurance flight; and Miss Winifred Spooner, the only English competitor in the Tour of Europe, whose machine, a Gipsy "Breda," was forced out of the race under mysterious circumstances after she had gained fourth place in preliminary trials

Three Generations

At Admiral's House, Hampstead

Claude Harris

Lady Glenconner and the Hon. James Tennant, her younger son. Lady Glenconner is the charming wife of Lord Glenconner, and before her marriage, in 1925, was Miss Pamela Winefred Paget, daughter of Sir Richard Paget, and granddaughter of the twelfth Earl of Winchilsea

A. Owen

Above: Lady Muriel Paget, Lady Glenconner's mother, with Mr. John Paget, her only son, at Admiral's House, the Glenconners' Hampstead home. Lady Glenconner is the second of Sir Richard and Lady Muriel Paget's three daughters

A. Owen

Left: The third generation: Colin and James Tennant, with two small friends, on the steps at Admiral's House. Colin Tennant is six years old, and James is three

Golfers in the Making

In the Boys' International Golf Match at the Royal Lytham and St. Anne's Golf Links, Scotland defeated England by 8 matches to 4. Above are P. W. L. Risdon (Captain of England), P. B. Lucas (England), D. S. Wemyss (Scotland) and Eric Hunter (Captain of Scotland) seen on their way to the 18th green

K. B. Scott, son of the Hon. Osmond Scott, the well-known golfer, and J. D. Langley, two of the smallest competitors. They both played for England

Two competitors in the Boys' Amateur Golf Championship. A. A. Keeling (Stowe), beaten in the second round, and the Hon. M. Strutt (Harrow)

SPORT

A Frank, Fair

T. B. Mitchell, the Derbyshire recruit, is certain to be as cheering an influence in the pavilion as we hope he will be on the field if he can get those spins of his working on the Australian pitches.

THE usual "penny-frighteners" have, however, been cabled from Australia in order to make our flesh creep, and we are given to understand that Grimmett has a new kind of devastating delivery up his sleeve with which our best batsmen will be unable to deal. Let me, therefore, reveal a secret, and that is that we have something up our sleeve too. This is, that Sutcliffe *has been practising bowling* and will be the spear-head of our attack, and he has invented an unplayable delivery. It goes right over the batsman's head and, thanks to the back-spin imparted, *hits the stumps from behind*, thus not only defeating the batsman but eliminating the necessity of a wicket-keeper. Australian papers please copy.

THERE have been some complaints about the lack of attendance at provincial lawn tennis tournaments where no stars are provided. I do not agree that the best remedy for this is to persuade our Big Game to refrain from hunting on the Continent and concentrate on the home preserves. For one thing, it 's just as well that other countries should learn that we are able to lift their national trophies as efficiently as they can lift ours; for another thing, the winning of an outlying championship or two gives our young players a much needed chance to acquire confidence. They are, quite naturally, too apt to bow the knee to the famous man or woman whom they meet in these side-shows, and be modestly content if they succeed in giving them a good game. Modesty can be an affliction as well as a virtue. If, on the other hand, they have the knowledge of past success behind them when they encounter the giants in the major tournaments, they will feel that they have earned the right to be there, that they are champions playing against champions, not presumptuous novices who have dared to set themselves in the path of their betters.

The answer to the wail that people will not pay to watch tournaments which are not graced by the presence of one or two internationally-known performers, is simple: don't have the tournaments. There is surely no need to have as many as there are. Lawn tennis is, I hope, still a game and not a business. If people are not

Is this Stroke in the

J. W. Hearne (Middlesex) playing at Lord's with one hand at t caught by the wicket-keeper, Ames, who is seen saying "Howzatt?" realised 121. Kent declared with 8 wickets down in the

THIS cricket season began amid rain and abuse. The rain fell from heaven and couldn't be helped, but the abuse fell from the lips of critics who should have known better. "Let us have Brighter Cricket," they demanded; "Get Bright or Get Out," and spent their spare time thinking out even snappier slogans. What they wanted, judging from their suggested remedies, was not brighter cricket, but a new game altogether, with more balls to an over, larger wickets, and the death penalty for not scoring with every stroke—a sort of glorified tip-and-run, in fact.

The season is ending under very different conditions. County match after county match has been fought to a thrilling finish, and thousands of spectators have had as much excitement as they could hope to get from any football game; but this result has been produced by playing cricket, not by playing fancy stuff to the gallery. The game has proved itself mightier than the critics, and no one who has watched many of the recent county clashes is likely to be tempted to stray after strange new gods.

The Australians, by the way, seem to have been achieving some striking jazz effects during their tour of Canada and the States. On one occasion, Bradman, in the course of making a century, cracked four sixes off four successive balls, and the side collected 268 for two wickets in just over an hour. It would seem as if they had managed to get their eyes in.

Well, that was a nice little picnic for everyone concerned, except, perhaps, the fielding side. But they 've got sterner times awaiting them when they get home again. Runs won't be going for two a penny in the Test matches, and I, for one, don't believe that we 're going to let those Ashes rest in peace this trip.

with the LID OFF

and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

sufficiently attracted by the game itself, apart from its personalities, there is no sense in going to great trouble and expense to provide them with a local tournament. That seems to me a waste of money, just as it seems a waste of emotion to mourn over the fact. A few less of these events isn't going to do the game itself any harm. Lawn tennis is too popular and too fine a game to be affected by such trivial losses.

Miss Sheila Hewitt, winner of the women's singles in the North of England championships, has of course been hailed as the English Helen Wills. All very young English women who win important events are automatically awarded this title. Miss Hewitt is unquestionably very good indeed, and she may quite possibly justify the prophets. But they have made the same prophecies so often that one is justified in being a little sceptical.

Youthful games prowess gets too much space in the papers these days. This has often been said about lawn tennis and golf, but it is almost equally true about cricket and Rugby. A swollen head upsets the trueness of the eye, and tends to make the gallery, and not the game, the thing. It is unkind to mention names, because most of the victims of premature publicity manage to live it down in time, but it is easy to think of more than one young cricketer who failed in his first attempts in first-class company because he had been told so much about himself that he thought he couldn't be taught anything.

It 's the same in Rugger. There was once a school wing-threequarter who was described as a C. N. Lowe of the future because he scored once or twice in a schoolboys' international. When he came up to Cambridge he knew everything. What he did not know was that he wasn't to be considered worth a Blue in his Freshman's year. True, he got it in his second year, but by that time he was a very different person, ready and willing to learn from whoever would teach. Afterwards he became a full-blown international, but he had to go through a course of unnecessary tribulation before his honours came to him.

Text Book?

ball from C. S. Marriott (Kent), off which he was Hearne made top score of 40 in the first innings, which second innings, and beat Middlesex by 152 runs

Miss Sheila Hewitt, a very promising player, winner of the North of England Championship, at Scarborough, where she defeated Miss F. James in the final. The latter retired after losing the first set and being 5 all in the second

The Light Fantastic

H. S. Uberoi, a lawn tennis player from the Punjab, indulges in a complicated ballet step when playing in the New Malden Tournament

SOON Rugby will be getting off the mark. I wonder if there 's any chance of the Scottish authorities relenting and allowing their men to wear numbers on their jerseys ?

A member of the Scottish R.U. Committee once explained their dislike to me.

"You see," he said, "we don't want crowds. We don't mind where the Scotland-England match is played. We don't mind it no one sees it except the referee and the committee. It 's the game that counts, not the spectators, and numbering the players leads to personal glorification."

THAT 's all very nice and idealistic. But is it true ? If it is true, why Murrayfield ? Here you have a magnificent new ground, with covered seats for 10,000 or so, and, if we are to believe that committeeman, the Scottish governing body would like to see them house about twenty carefully selected experts.

"IT 's the game that counts, not the spectators" ? I doubt it. The greatest players have always been at their best on a big occasion ; that is, before a huge crowd. The ability to rise to such an occasion is one of the marks of their greatness. No, there is nothing logical about the attitude I have just described. Numbering the players is a small consideration to show the spectators, for it is hard enough to follow men you know, and no follower of Rugby can be expected to know every man in a national team. As for the glorification of the individual theory, that 's bunkum.

Equestrian Events in the West Country

Mrs. Leslie Groves at the Devon and Exeter Steeplechases, which took place last week

Miss Betty Fowke, daughter of Sir Frederick and Lady Fowke, was also at Haldon, near Exeter, for the Devon and Exeter Steeplechases

Right: Spectators at the Polo Tournament at Dunster, in Somerset: Major Whitehead, the Secretary of the West Somerset Polo Club, Captain and Mrs. P. B. Sanger, Captain Maurice Kingscote, and Miss Llewellyn

Above, centre: Miss Lockett, with Major S. E. Harvey, who is the Member for the Totnes Division of Devon, were among those present at Haldon

WHY? By Lady Kitty Ritson

I AM continually receiving letters from correspondents who want to know what they can do about their dogs or cats which have never been allowed to have puppies or kittens and are, in consequence, developing tumours or other troubles.

While I do not lay down categorically that a bitch or a cat must suffer from having been forced to remain celibate, I think it is more than likely that they will do so in their old age. You practically never see a mongrel that has produced a large number of families, anything but healthy and normal; and I myself had a bitch that had eight litters and that died from picking up poison when she was nine years old. I had a post-mortem performed, and the vet. told me that, as far as some organs were concerned, she was like a youngster of two years old.

But, even though ill-effects may not always arise, I want to know what right we have to constitute ourselves as gods over animals and to say that they shall not be allowed to perform their natural functions. I get absolutely enraged when I receive a letter which explains that "*of course*, I could not allow my cat to have kittens." Why "of course"? Why should you arrange an animal's life destiny to suit your selfish whims and to save you a little trouble? How do you know what suffering you are causing? There is absolutely no excuse in the case of a cat, for even if you live in a flat a cat is such a dainty animal that she will produce her family in a corner without any inconvenience to you, and you can leave her with two kittens, which can easily be given away as pets. A dog may be a little more trouble, but you can nearly always find someone to take her when she has her puppies. I am not asking for this compassion to be extended more than once during their lives, but it is their right to have offspring, once at least, and if you don't want them to, well, then, keep a male animal, which will not give you that particular form of trouble.

The Hon. Mrs. Hubert Parker with "Chulainn Marcus," her Irish wolfhound, which took a first in the Berks, Bucks and Oxon Canine Association Championship Show recently held at the Crystal Palace

I CONSIDER that to prevent any female animal experiencing the joys of maternity is very much on a par with training lions and tigers to jump through hoops. In other words, it is a form of unnatural cruelty. I am quite aware that I may not be popular with a few people who think that for an animal to have a family is, to say the least of it, "a pity," and almost indelicate; but the facts remain facts just the same.

Messrs. Spiller, Ltd., Jacob Street, Bermondsey, London, S.E.1, have produced a booklet on the care of the dog, which they are willing to send anybody free of cost. I wrote this booklet for them, and "Although I says it, as shouldn't," it should be of the greatest use to amateur dog-owners, and will tell you a good deal, which it is essential for you to know, if you want to keep your dog in good health. I put everything useful into it that I could think of, so as to help the dog which is owned by a novice. It will cost you nothing, and I advise you to get it. Your dogs will bless me (perhaps you will, too), and that is all I care about!

Greyhound Racing: By "White Citizen"

ONE evening quite recently I had the pleasure of having as my guest at the White City a young lady who had never before attended a greyhound racing meeting. I know that she thoroughly enjoyed the racing, and it was natural for her to wonder, in the midst of her enjoyment, whether the dogs who were providing it were also enjoying themselves. At one point, in fact, when the hare was about to reach the trap and the dogs inside were about to be released for the race, she turned to me and said: "I wonder what the dogs are thinking of now?"

I was, for obvious reasons, unable to answer her question, but I think a shrewd guess would be to suggest that their thoughts were only of the hare. But the question does raise an interesting point and one which is most important to dog lovers, and that is—do greyhounds enjoy racing? One can usually tell if one owns a dog of any sort what kind of things it enjoys. My own setter, for instance, loves nothing more than a walk in the park, when he is in London; his excitement and demonstration of happiness on setting out, increasing as the precincts of the park are reached, provide ample proof. It may interest my readers to know that this excitement is noticeable also in greyhounds as the well-known routine commences on a night when racing is to take place. Just as people have personalities, so do dogs, and this excitement affects different dogs in a different way. There are some who become joyful and playful, and cannot restrain themselves from vocal rejoicings; there are others who become silent, but obviously keyed-up and obviously full of some form of anticipatory thrill; there are others again who remain absolutely calm, and by no visible sign imply a liking or otherwise for the job in hand.

IT is interesting to note, in this connection, that one feature of the Derby Meeting, which took place at the White City some little time ago and which gave very great pleasure to the 80,000 odd who were collected there, occurred during the parade of the past winners of the Derby before the actual race for this year's honours took place. Mick the Miller, the only dog who has won this classic twice, made a reappearance on a track after over a year's absence, and the obvious pleasure which he took in once again facing the crowds was one which not only pleased, but deeply touched, all those who saw it. After the parade round the track, Mick, as he was led off to the paddock and his kennel, passed a trap which was being got ready for the next race. His ears cocked at once, his tail, which had been wagging all the way round the track, suddenly doubled its activities and he ran forward at the end of his leash, pulling the attendant who was holding him towards this trap. It was perfectly obvious that he was doing his best to get into it. He knew exactly where he was, and he wanted to race again.

Here is a very good example of a dog who quite clearly enjoyed every moment of his racing career. Mick the Miller is not alone in this enjoyment. Every night that you go to a greyhound racing track you will see other dogs obviously pleased to be where they are, obviously happy in their work.

Lady Hunloke, the well-known pony and dog breeder, who has now started to breed her own racing hounds, watching one of her dogs training at the G.R.A. kennels at Northaw

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COMPETITIONS

"The Bystander's"

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES

(11th Year) Ranelagh, October 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th, 1932

and

LADIES' ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES

(8th Year) Roehampton, October 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th, 1932

By kind invitation of the respective clubs.

RANELAGH: Challenge Cups and replicas to winners, prizes to runners-up and semi-finalists

ROEHAMPTON: Prizes to winners, runners-up and semi-finalists.

CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Thursday, September 15th, *without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by post card. Such acknowledgment does not necessarily mean that the entrants will be entitled to play.*

On September 15th the 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Ranelagh; playing limit for any couple, 18. The 128 couples with the next lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Roehampton; playing limit for any couple, 30. The remaining couples will be placed in order of their joint handicaps on a waiting list from which vacancies will be filled. In the case of two or more couples having the same handicap, priority of entry will decide their order.

If more than 256 couples enter, vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes: vacancies in the Roehampton Foursomes by the lowest handicap couples on the waiting list. Should there be no waiting list, walk-overs will be given to the opponents in whichever tournament the scratching occurs.

Reduction of handicap should be notified at once to Miss Helme.

Pairs who have reached any BRITANNIA AND EVE Foursomes final during 1931 or 1932, whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish or Roehampton, will, if entering together, be put into the Ranelagh draw whatever their handicap, but cannot play on more than the limit of 18. Such entries should be clearly marked *Finalists*.

Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps.

Both Foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ⅞ths of the difference in combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes, if any, being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing may substitute another up to the time play starts, *if they notify Miss Helme of the change.*

The Directors of THE BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to alter or amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

The GIRLS' OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP (1932)

(ORGANISED BY "THE BYSTANDER")

Scratch Match-play Knock-out Tournament at Stoke Poges, September 14th, 15th, and 16th. No Qualifiying Round.

Open to all girls of any nationality who will be under nineteen years of age on September 13th, 1932.

Entries will be received up to sixty-four. Any over this number will be placed on a waiting list, from which vacancies caused by withdrawals will be filled up to the time play starts.

Entries close on Thursday, September 1st, and must be made on the entrance form which appears below.

Competitors will be drawn to play in a scratch knock-out match-play tournament at Stoke Poges, September 14th, 15th and 16th. Halved matches to be played to a finish.

Challenge Cup and replica to the winner; prizes to the runner-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

Entrance forms and all communications to be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

The proprietors of THE BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to alter and amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final.

The Craig Challenge Cup, scratch bogey, will be played for on September 15th by players beaten in the first, second and third rounds of the Championship.

Stoke Court Challenge Cup.—For the player staying at Stoke Court who remains in the championship for the greatest number of rounds. A tie between two players to be decided by playing the best of three holes match play; a tie between more than two as announced.

Mothers and chaperones of competitors playing in the championship will be eligible to compete in competitions for handicap prizes presented by THE BYSTANDER, to be played at Stoke Poges on September 14th and 15th. Conditions will be posted at Stoke Poges on September 13th.

Competitors may practise free of charge on Monday, September 12th.

ACCOMMODATION

Accommodation may be had for competitors and their friends at the following addresses:

STOKE COURT, STOKE POGES, SLOUGH, BUCKS. Terms 18s. per day. Apply to the Manager, Stoke Court.

BAYLIS HOUSE HOTEL, STOKE POGES LANE, SLOUGH, BUCKS. Terms 15s. per day, or 12s. without lunch. Apply to the Manager, Baylis House.

ROYAL HOTEL, SLOUGH (Trust House). Terms from 16s. per day, inclusive of all meals.

STOKE POGES CLUB HOUSE, Terms 18s. per day. Apply immediately—accomodation very limited—to the Secretary, Stoke Poges Club, Slough.

Early application is recommended to all of these.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* THE BYSTANDER *for the current week.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2. *The scratch score of the course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON — AUGUST

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

For Club Competition this card to be entered in the total of

..... *of which I am a member.*

ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1932 — No entrance fee

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, September 15th.

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES—
Ranelagh, October 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th

ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES—
Roehampton, October 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th
(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* } ..... *of* .....*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address.....*Telephone No.*.....

To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner

Mrs. / *Miss* } ..... *of*..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address..... *Telephone No.*.....

Any alteration of partner or handicap, change of address or telephone number to be notified at once, please, to Miss Helme at the above address

ENTRANCE FORM — No Entrance Fee

"The Bystander" Girls' Open Championship,
Stoke Poges, September 14th, 15th, and 16th.

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, September 1st.

Please enter

Miss .....

Home Address .....

.....

Date and year of birth.....*Club, if any*.....

Telephone No......

Letters of a Lady Golfer *(Continued from page 419)*

at Bastad—and that we could send out such a splendid selection of representatives to Sweden.

These mixed events seem rather the fashion just now, for Moor Park are getting out preliminary notices of a new fixture, the Hertfordshire Stag Challenge Trophy, which is to be played for over the High and West courses on Saturday, Oct. 8. (A pleasant interlude, by the way, to fill up time between THE BYSTANDER Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh and Roehampton and the Worplesdon Mixed Foursomes, in fact, a full-dress rehearsal for the latter.) Women are to have an extra six added on to their handicaps, and will play from the same back tees as the men's 36-hole medal play, but in case even six strokes give the women no hope of annexing the silver 12-pointer stag on his ebony base, there are to be separate scratch prizes for men and for ladies. All very interesting, and not least the question: Why a stag? Wait a minute: don't I remember a stone (or stucco?) member of the family adorning the entrance gates to Moor Park? No doubt the noble beast was the crest of Moor Park's original owners, or may be Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn hunted him there on their honeymoon. Anyhow, I should like to know, some time, exactly how and why and when the stag and Moor Park became identified with each other.

Talking of history, natural or otherwise, the historic Royal Wimbledon G.C. is going to allow ladies to play over their course on five days of the week, on and from Nov. 5 of this Year of Grace. What the old members used to say of the ladies who played round the little separate nine-hole course from 1868 until 1915 is rather unprintable, and probably there have been somewhat lively passages lately. Suffice it now that the ladies will not only be five-day members, but that part of the men's club-house is being converted to feminine use. Wonders will never cease.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

P.S.—Women are always accused of keeping the really important item for their postscripts. But when folk are abroad and news only comes at the last minute, what can one do? *The* news is that Miss Molly Gourlay is Swedish champion. She won the medal round, one of the rounds being a magnificent 75, and then she won the championship, beating a fellow Surreyite, Miss Jean Hamilton, 2 and 1 in the 36-hole final. The Crown Prince of Sweden, Prince Gustav Adolf, distributed the prizes. There 's a thrill for us all; Postscripts *are* useful.—E. E. H.

Waiting on the first tee for the starter to say "Go": Major H. Herman Hodge with the Earl and Countess of Wharncliffe

Outside the Gleneagles Hotel and wondering if the weather was going to hold long enough for them to have a round: Mrs. Amcotts Wilson and the Duke of Algeciras

Captain Ronald Henderson and his two sons, Hugh and John, are evidently deserting the golf course for the tennis courts

Checks off: Colonel and Mrs. Leonard Ropner waiting at the third tee. Colonel Ropner is the M.P. for Barkston Ash, Yorkshire. Mrs. Ropner, before her marriage in June this year, was Miss Esmé Robertson

More Club-Swinging in Scotland

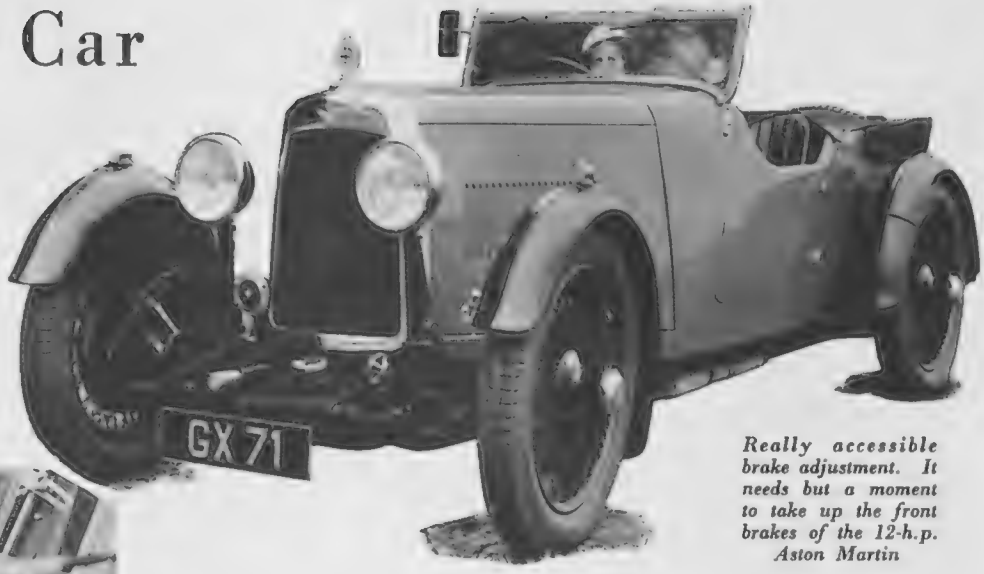
This Time at Gleneagles

Choosing a Car

Some Minor Points to Look For

By

The Earl of Cardigan



Really accessible brake adjustment. It needs but a moment to take up the front brakes of the 12-h.p. Aston Martin

Left: A "gadget" which all smokers will appreciate—an electric cigarette lighter, which can be operated with one hand—fitted to the Rover "Meteor"

Above: An example of well-placed controls: the gear control fitted to the 16-20-h.p. Daimler

THE majority of cars nowadays are so good and reliable in their more important qualities, providing safe and easy transport quite as a matter of course, that the prospective purchaser may well be guided in his choice by considerations of more or less minor importance. He may take it for granted, for instance, that the manufacturer has supplied him with a reasonably efficient clutch, and may exercise his critical faculties on the design of the windscreen or the efficiency of the sliding roof.

To my mind, one of the first of the relatively minor points to be looked for is the accessibility or otherwise of those parts of the chassis which will require occasional attention. I know of very few cars which deserve full marks for accessibility, and many otherwise excellent machines are notably bad in this respect. I tested a car recently, for instance, which had its reserve petrol-tap located underneath the floorboards! It sounds incredible, but this was a popular 1932 model.

THE best way of judging accessibility is to imagine the occurrence of some minor defect, and to estimate the difficulties, if any, which would arise in repairing it. If a tyre punctures, where is the jack? Is it under the back seat, and will a pile of luggage have to be moved before it can be located?

If a bit of dirt gets into the jet of the carburetter, can the jet be instantly removed, cleaned out, and refitted? Or does this job demand two spanners and a screw-driver, none of which can be freely manipulated owing to the proximity of the steering column? If the contact-breaker of the magneto sticks, can the source of the trouble be immediately examined? Or can the contact-breaker, as in one car which I once owned, only be viewed with the aid of a periscope or pocket-mirror?

Even if one does not deal with matters of this sort oneself, these questions are still important ones. A very large portion of every garage bill represents the cost of a mechanic's time. If it takes a mechanic two hours, owing to poor accessibility, to do a normal hour's work, the amount of the bill may be almost doubled.

Routine work, such as brake adjustment, should also be considered. Some brakes require very exact adjustment at frequent intervals; others, once set correctly, will continue to function satisfactorily over long periods. In some cases, the adjustment is made by wing-nuts conveniently placed; in others, it is necessary to fumble with a spanner underneath the car.

Ease and certainty of chassis lubrication is another most important question. One-shot lubrication is nowadays becoming very popular, and is a most excellent thing in its way. It is essential, however, to satisfy oneself that the system used is genuinely reliable and foolproof. When one presses the plunger, one has no direct evidence, as in the old days of grease-caps, that any good has resulted. One cannot see where the oil or grease goes, or whether it goes anywhere at all. One has to take the manufacturer's word for it, and sceptical people will no doubt wish to make a few enquiries before doing so.

Where coachwork is concerned, there are likewise many minor points to be considered. Nowadays, cars are sold complete with a great many accessories and fittings—contrary to the practice of ten years ago, when it was quite common to be asked to pay £10 or £20 for necessary "extras"—and it is important to distinguish between those items of equipment which are really convenient and useful, and those which a friend of mine would describe as "fal-de-lals."

IT is, of course, rather a matter of personal preference, but one of my favourite accessories is the quick-opening type of window sometimes fitted on the driver's side. On a cold night, it is convenient to be able to keep the car fully closed, and yet be able to give a signal instantly. I also like the rear blind which can be controlled from the front seat, preventing dazzle on the windscreen from the lights of cars following behind.

ONE-PIECE windscreens have been fashionable for some years, but here again there are good and bad examples. Beware of buying a car the windscreen of which will not open sufficiently to enable you to see beneath it comfortably. One day there will be a fog, accompanied, perhaps, by frost. The fog will freeze on the windscreen, and no screen-wiper that I have ever heard of will be capable of clearing it. With a badly-designed windscreen, the driver must then either get out every ten minutes to clear the screen by hand, or else adopt an attitude of extreme discomfort in the attempt to look out underneath it. In my own opinion, the old-fashioned windscreens were far the best under these circumstances, and the modern screen of equal efficiency is distinctly hard to find.

CONSIDERATIONS such as these, although easily overlooked when buying a car, or when driving it in summer weather, are therefore by no means unimportant, and I place them third on my list of "points to look for." Performance, which I first dealt with, must always, I think, be the prospective purchaser's first thought, just as the general question of comfort ought to be his second. When, however, the choice lies between two or more cars which fulfil the required conditions in these primary respects, then questions of convenience and accessibility may be permitted to decide the issue.

THE WORTHINGTON SPORTING CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER, 1932

1st to 15th inclusive

1st **Shooting.** Partridge Shooting begins.
Racing. Derby, Brighton, Limerick and Plymouth Steeplechases.

2nd **Racing.** Manchester and Folkestone.
Shows. Flower Show—London Allotments and Gardens—Horticultural Hall.
Yachting. West of England Regattas, Plymouth.

3rd **Racing.** Manchester and Folkestone. Sedgefield Steeplechases.
Motor Cycling. International Ulster Grand Prix, Belfast.
Swimming. A.D.A. Men's Westminster Cup Competition, Highgate.
Cricket. H. D. G. Leveson Gower's XI v. M.C.C. Australian Team, Scarborough. England XI v All India, Folkestone.
Yachting. Royal Cornwal Y.C., Falmouth.

5th **Racing.** Folkestone and Shirley Steeplechases.
Golf. Irish Open Championship, Dollymount, nr. Dublin.
Shows. Horse Fair, Barnet.
Swimming. A.S.A. Club Team Final, Weston-super-Mare

6th **Racing.** Doncaster Meeting.
Motor Cycling. Manx Grand Prix, Isle of Man.
Shows. Horse Fair, Barnet.

7th **Racing.** Doncaster and Totnes Steeplechases.
Shows. Horse Show, Bath.
Motoring. Juan les Pins Rally, Paris.
Swimming. Water Carnival, Shanklin, I.O.W.

8th **Racing.** Doncaster and Totnes Steeplechases.
Shows. Horse Show, Bath.

9th **Racing.** Doncaster.
Swimming. London Hospital S.C. Gala, Bethnal Green.

10th Last day of Thames Trout Fishing.
Racing. Alexandra Park, Ripon and Phœnix Park.
Golf. Haldane Cup Competition, North Berwick.
Swimming. England v Ireland, Coventry.

12th **Racing.** Warwick, and Fontwell Park Steeplechases.
Croquet. September Tournament, Felixstowe.

13th **Racing.** Warwick and Curragh Meetings.
Fairs. Widdecombe Fair, Widdecombe, Devon.

14th **Racing.** Ayr, Yarmouth, Curragh, and Newton Abbot Steeplechases
Highland Gathering, Oban.

15th **Racing.** Ayr, Yarmouth and Curragh.
Swimming. East Ham S.C. Gala. S.C.A.S.A. Water-polo Final.
Highland Gathering, The Northern Meeting, Inverness.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

Partridge and Pheasant Prospects, 1932

By Edgar Page

(Editor of "The Gamekeeper")

THE grouse, partridge, pheasant and fox play an important part in the social life of our countryside, so much so that, were they to be ruled out of existence, the very labourer on the land, apart from the gentry, would find life too monotonous during winter, and would ultimately migrate to "brighter" climes. But sport and recreation must be, for the harder a man's life the greater his need thereof. Fortunately, our race has succeeded in a happy manner in the linking of sport with social functions and joyous house-parties, in the furthering of good business propositions over the port and game-bag, and particularly in creating a real brotherhood of all classes on the land by that democratic contact due to hound and gun. No wonder, then, this annual interest in the prospects of sport with grouse, partridge, or pheasant, and, to be fair, the fox.

As regards present conditions as they affect the sport of shooting, no advantage is gained by acting the ostrich. We cannot be blind to the storm of economic troubles which has played such havoc with the English countryside, whether we look at that disaster as a lord of the manor, squire, farmer, or mere sportsman.

DURING the past six months I have travelled widely through England, Scotland, and Wales, and have made contact mainly with the larger owner-farmers and head gamekeepers. I have lived in the heart of the countryside, leaving that agricultural atmosphere from time to time, to find myself up against the view-point of the ordinary townsman of country towns—and how uninformed, still, are the latter upon countryside matters of import! In my opinion, during the past ten years the countryman proper has considerably changed his mental attitude towards game and shooting. He is becoming a propagandist for sport, whereas before he was just a passive well-wisher.

THIS is the day of the owner-farmer. The owner-farmer realises that shooting adds a valuable asset to his business. He is, therefore, ready, according to his means (mighty poor means at present), to encourage game as a justifiable by-product. I therefore ask sporting gentlemen with a knowledge of game preservation to give, tactfully, advice upon game matters as opportunities occur. To get back the partridge population, we must give a sympathetic lead to the owner-farmer. Many a tenant-farmer is deploring the loss of an old-time squire for other reasons than sport, and his return would be welcomed, even at the cost of a few surplus pheasants. The proprietors of country hotels look at their bookings, and note with anxiety the decrease thereof due to the absence of shooting parties, and our old friend "Hodge," in the country pub., bemoans over his pint of bitter or cider that "he don't get no days a-beating" and "the times ain't wot they wos, no, Sir! they ain't."

Do the fields and coverts this season offer value for the sportsman's money? What are the prospects? The first question is rather needless, for if value is wanted for money expended the sportsman can buy according to his pocket. That the prospects of sport with pheasant and partridge are good, I am convinced, subject to certain reservations.

Shooting in Swaledale: Sir Cuthbert Quilter waiting in his butt on Reeth Lower Moor when he was staying with Mr. H. M. Martineau

On the Angram Moors, Pateley Bridge, in Yorkshire: Sir Donald Horsfall was one of the guns in Mr. W. Nicholson's shooting party

UNTIL the hand-rearing of pheasants returns again to something like its pre-war scale, I do not think we shall see a really fine crop of wild birds. Pheasant shooting could never depend on the wild bird only—except on a very small scale—for it is hand-rearing which promotes good stocks, healthy, strong birds, and an environment favourable to the pheasant's safety and food. Preservation leads to the protection of game, and these are the days for poachers and vermin, rather than for pheasants. Taking the country as a whole, I am rather surprised at the many favourable reports upon wild pheasants. They laid well and hatched well, but then came storms and floods, and gapes, and cramp, and B. W. D. and vermin, vermin, vermin. The hand-reared birds have not done so badly, but there again the recent drastic urge for economy has not tended to improve their stamina; pheasants worth calling pheasants cannot be reared on sweepings, and successive seasons of "economy" must ultimately affect the stock. Whether wild bird or hand-reared, pheasants depend very largely upon a natural food supply; the deplorable decrease of arable land, and half-hearted husbandry, have lessened this natural supply, particularly for partridges. Under such conditions, it is not surprising to find a crop of wild pheasants somewhat below rather than up to a good average. The reports from the rearing field were good, bad, and indifferent, and covert-shooting proper will prove good, bad, and indifferent. The total number of birds reared this season is decidedly less than in 1931; the country is truly grateful to the many gentlemen who have carried on under such adverse economic conditions.

The partridge is becoming a problem. The bird might well quote our old friend Hodge and say that "the times ain't wot they wos." There are thousands of acres unkeepered, vermin is rife on such land, poachers have been, and are, everywhere, grass has taken the place of much arable land. We must, indeed, look to the owner-farmer to play his part for the partridge. (I wonder if the country will ever realise that poaching is frequently the beginning of more serious crime?)

THERE was a nice stock of partridges in the spring, but their laying was exceptionally erratic. Then, having laid their quota, many birds failed to go down on their nests; the stormy weather and floods of May and June were responsible, and in those counties which suffered the real floods few birds, if any, remain. As regards the hatching, the several reports before me all speak of excellent results, with few exceptions: these exceptions are in Wiltshire and Hampshire. From Suffolk, reports are both ways, good and bad. This week (Aug. 20) reports reach me of that annual dropping away of the birds in the covies. Covies are seen to clear a hedge, and then one or two birds fall, and that covey is never seen again at its previous strength. Such losses almost certainly imply gapes. An enquiry is in process which may or may not prove the existence of a partridge disease akin to grouse disease, but I am inclined to think that a return to full and good farming, together with an increase in general game conservation, will save the partridge from such ravages. There is also an enquiry (very much in its infancy) being made into the real causes for the cycles of increase and decrease of our game-bird populations over a fairly constant rotation of years.

Notwithstanding the many adverse conditions against the partridge, I feel I can safely predict a very fair shooting season, and Scotland's partridge prospects are much better than English. The sport will be "patchy," but by patchiness I do not infer poor sport. Until the harvest is gathered, no one can be sure of their crop of partridges; but, at the time of nesting, herbage was exceptionally forward and thick, and there must have been many nests never found, and a corresponding number of broods run and not seen.

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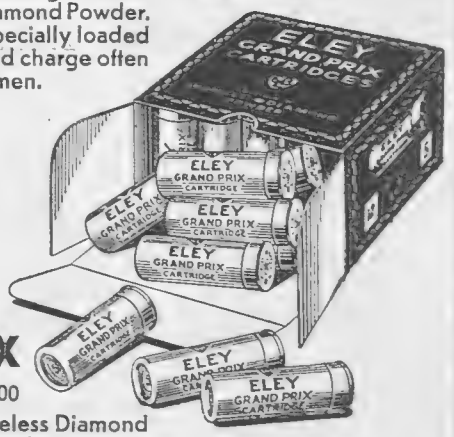

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The Editor's Box

Beauty in the South

Sunning themselves on the roof of the Hotel Terminus, at Monte Carlo: The ten "American Beauties" who have been taking part in the "Cadre de Beauté" at the Summer Casino there

Beauty and the Car

Miss Heather Angel, Miss Renée Gadd, and Miss Molly Lamont make a trip into the country in one of the new Vauxhall coupés. They have all been working in B.I.P. film-studios and helping the "British films for Britain" slogan to come true

The Gourmet: Conducted by Emilia

PLATS DE VEAU

TÊTE DE VEAU
SAUCE PIQUANTE
*
LANGUE DE VEAU
SAUCE TOMATES
*
FRICANDEAU DE VEAU
*
GOULASCH

Tête de Veau—Sauce Piquante

TAKE half a calf's head, wash and clean it well, remove the brains and put them in a stewpan; cover with cold water and add one carrot, one onion, two sticks of celery, if procurable, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one gill of vinegar, and a dessertspoonful of salt. Skim well while boiling; let it simmer two hours, and serve with the following sauce: Two shallots, one onion, one carrot, four mushrooms, and one teaspoonful of parsley, all minced very fine and put into a stewpan with a gill of vinegar. Let all this boil till quite reduced, then add one pint of brown sauce, and pour this over the head. Roll up a few slices of bacon, and serve round alternately with slices of the tongue. The brains should be minced and cooked in a white sauce and served separately.

Langue de Veau—Sauce Tomates

TRIM and scale the tongue and leave till cold; lard it with bacon, and then simmer it in a stewpan for four hours in stock seasoned with a bouquet garni—two carrots, two onions, and three cloves. When done, split the tongue in half, skin it, and serve covered with a good tomato sauce.

Fricandeau de Veau

TRIM neatly a piece of fillet of veal and, if possible, lard it with bacon on one side. Place in a stewpan a layer of slices of bacon, then some carrots and onions cut into slices, with a bunch of sweet herbs, pepper, salt, and spice to taste. Lay the veal in the middle, and moisten it with a pint of stock. Let the meat stew gently for about three hours, basting the top occasionally; then strain off the gravy, and put it into a small saucepan, skim off the fat, add to it a little butter mixed smoothly with a little flour, and let the gravy reduce nearly to a glaze. Pour over the meat and serve with a border of spinach.

Goulasch

TAKE about 1 lb. of veal, preferably fillet, remove all skin, and cut it into thin slices, then into dice. Peel and thinly slice a large onion, and fry it in a pan with an ounce of butter till a pale gold colour. Then put in the meat, season with salt and pepper, and cook for a few minutes. Dredge the meat with about a tablespoonful of flour. Mix well and moisten with a gill of stock and a glass of claret or white wine. Cover the pan and cook slowly for about an hour. Have ready two or three potatoes peeled and cut into cubes. Add these when the meat is half done.

The Gentle Art of being Beautiful: By "Maquillage"

A SYNTHESIS OF BEAUTY

A system which is inclusive of all the elements that create the physical harmony and health which are the components of real and not simulated loveliness.

I DO not generally discuss "Beauty Culture" as a general topic, because I think that it is more useful to my readers to deal with some specific treatment or feature, and also because I feel that, at this juncture, I should be preaching to the converted. There is a universal consciousness of the importance of beauty and youthfulness, æsthetically, psychologically, and even economically. Beauty specialists have assured me that it is far from the truth that the majority of their clients are drawn from the leisured, moneyed classes. It is of supreme importance to professional and working women to look their best and preserve their youth.

THE majority of women know that the basis of all facial treatments is to keep the skin *clean*, with cleansing lotions and creams, to keep the subcutaneous circulation active, by means of massage or stimulating agents, nourished and supple with skin foods, and protected from the assaults of climatic and atmospheric variations. There is an almost infinite variety of methods and preparations for achieving these results, some more favourable to one set of complexions, constitutions and conditions, some more suitable for others.

Added to this general and individual knowledge, there is, to-day, a fairly universal realisation that physical health, wise living, intelligent dietary and exercise, are contributory factors in the cultivation of beauty. But this is apt to be a somewhat vague and theoretical acknowledgment rather than a practised creed. Many women are too apt to rely on outward applications to remedy or disguise complexion troubles or the first dire symptoms of fatigue and age rather than discover and combat the "source of evil."

And so I would like, this week, to examine and summarise a comprehensive *system* of beauty culture which is based on intelligent and scientific cultivation of physical health and harmony applied to special and individual needs in regard to beauty of form as well as of face.

ELIZABETH ARDEN was the first and, I believe, is still the only beauty specialist in England to combine physical culture—specially adapted to feminine needs—with facial treatments.

In her delightful exercise salons, a woman can be "made anew" and taught how to realise all her pulchritudinous possibilities. For general health, there are the carefully devised exercises which improve circulation, adjust internal functions, and make the whole body lithe and young in feel as well as form. There are, too, special exercises and massage for filling out hollow necks and shoulders, firming lost contour, and improving the shape of arms and legs, whether they be too thin or too fat. If one cannot visit the salons personally, all these "movements" can be learned and practised by means of the musical and rhythmic instructional gramophone records.

THE special reducing treatments, expertly adapted to every client, include the famous electrical roller, which breaks down fat cells and dissipates the superfluous adipose tissue; sun-ray baths and the new wax packs (which deserve, and will have to have, at some time, a descriptive article to themselves). Massage with reducing lotions, a refreshing spray and rest in a deliciously decorated little cubicle form part of these treatments.

The sun-ray baths, and the wax packs are particularly beneficial to anyone with rheumatic or gouty tendencies, as they draw all acidity and impurities out of the blood.

Needless to say, the rejuvenating facial treatments and preparations for the complexion have markedly increased effect when the whole system has thus been adjusted, stimulated and rejuvenated. Clients not only look younger and better, but *feel* and *are* younger and better, and physical and mental harmony and health are the best cosmetics in the world—although Elizabeth Arden has not neglected the cosmetic side of beauty culture, and offers her clients an inspiringly varied assortment of the "aids" to, or—shall we say?—*italics* of beauty.

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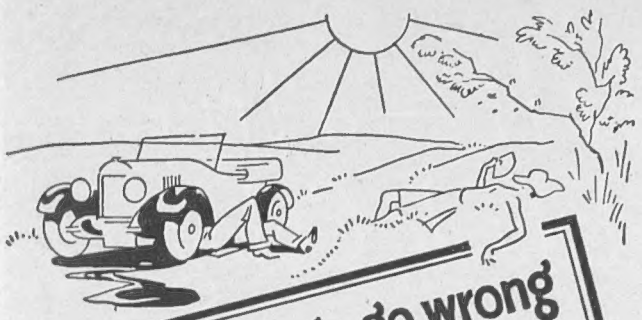

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What's in "BRITANNIA" this month?

More than ever as the days grow shorter

" This is a story of the days when people still had money and the hotels of the Riviera were able to charge twenty-five francs for a dry Martini: days now so remote that they begin to take on the faint glamour of a grown-up fairy tale. The oranges and lemons, hanging like balls of pale and deeper gold, brought no thought of a tottering standard. In expensively-decorated casinos large sums of currency passed fluently from hand to hand. Paradise, in short, à la rue de la Paix—or rather à la Place Vendôme, where all the banks are . . .

The Château Bérénice was built in the year 1596 as a slight tribute to one of the mistresses of Henri IV. Or so say the guide-books: in any case, the story is still worth money. The original constructions, when M. Poire came on the scene some four centuries later, had long crumbled away; but one tower remained, and round this nucleus, with indomitable energy, he gradually built up the most expensive hotel between the Alps and the Pyrenees. The rooms in the old wing (for which M. Poire naturally charged double) numbered no more than six: but such is the force of historic association (especially if tinged with scandal) that those six amply sufficed to fill the remaining two hundred. The other great feature of the Château was a wide stone terrace, built up almost from the shore and conveniently planted with orange trees and umbrellas in alternate tubs: across which, at the moment when this moral history opens, a very beautiful young man was slowly sauntering in the direction of the lounge. No sooner, however, had he reached the door than he faced about, appeared to consult his watch, and wandered idly back to where a girl in white was sitting under one of the yellow sunshades.

She was a very pretty girl, with slanting blue eyes and dark hair, almost as sleek as his own, but it was none of these undeniable attractions that drew the young man out of his way. . . ."

In " MARRIAGES ARE MADE IN HEAVEN "
by Margery Sharp.

A pretty girl and a man—go-getters both, with both eyes fixed on the main chance . . . . but it was not only Antony who counted the world well lost for love.

YOU MUST READ IT.

This beautiful signed portrait of

RONALD COLMAN

GIVEN AWAY

with this issue

BRITANNIA & EVE is not essentially a fashion paper, but Madge Garland knows what every woman wants to know for the Autumn . . . She writes: " September, 1932, and by the time you read this I shall have seen the Winter Collection in Paris, and know what you and I are going to wear for the next six months, and in our next issue I propose to give you a resumé of all I see and hear . . . But already there are indications of subtle changes, rumours of this and that, a new hat hazarded, a new silhouette confirmed by popular opinion. We know that velvet is going to be the material of outstanding importance this season, velvet of every description. Fine panne velvets, stitched velvets for hats, plush velvets, cotton velvets, waterproof velvets, uncrushable velvets, and some new velvets which have a fluffy, furry surface. Then duveteen has returned, and broadcloth, which has invaded the evening mode, and we are certainly going to wear cloth evening gowns this winter, as we cheerfully wore gingham ones last summer.

We are going to wear black, but black with a difference. We are going to vary it with 'off-black,' just as we varied white with 'off-white' this summer, and a dull battleship grey is predicted, though relieved with colour, coral red and green for preference. We shall also use black as a trimming for navy blue, and, as usual, contrast it with white, particularly in the evening; for day wear we shall see a lot of burgundy and cerise reds, but no yellow reds.

Our skirt lengths will, I think, remain unchanged, unless . . . "

You must read every word—there are pages of "Fashion" in the September issue.

Ask your Newsagent to deliver it

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THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF

BRITANNIA AND EVE

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